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T H E  
U N I O N M A G A Z I N E,  
O F  
L I T E R A T U R E A N D A R T.

**THE UNION MAGAZINE.**—We have looked over the February number of this monthly, and are much pleased with the style in which it is got up. A richer collection of embellishments we have never seen in any American magazine. The mezzotint by Sadd is particularly excellent. It is the third of the series called "Steps to Ruin," from designs by Matteson, who is certainly doing himself great credit by the spirited illustrations furnished to the Union, the pictorial department of which, we are informed, is entirely under his control. This No. 3 is a truly expressive picture, and well engraved. The second plate is a line engraving by Hinshelwood, a very fine picture, called "Going to School." The third is a colored fashion plate; and in illustration of various articles in the number are eight wood-cuts, very fairly executed. The most notable papers are furnished by Alfred B. Street, Park Benjamin, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Miss H. F. Gould, W. Gilmore Simms, E. A. Duyckinck, Caleb Lyon, Mrs. Campbell, and the Rev. J. N. Danforth. Mr. Street's story, called "Shawangunk Mountain," is a good prose sketch, but for vigor, point, energy and practical purpose, commend us to Mrs. Campbell's article on the first plate. It is pleasant to see a graceful writer thus energetic in the cause of morals and virtue.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

We have received the Feb. No. of **THE UNION MAGAZINE**, edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and published by Israel Post. Mrs. Kirkland has been long and favorably known to the public as a beautiful writer, and is well calculated to conduct such a magazine. Mr. Post likewise has had much experience, and his previous success proves his ability to discharge his duties to this magazine; the two numbers we have seen are equal, if not superior, to their contemporaries. This number has two beautiful engravings and a fashion plate, besides eight wood-cuts. No magazine can boast of a more talented list of contributors, and we think it one of the very best monthlies we have seen.—*Weekly Transcript, North Adams, Mass.*

**THE UNION MAGAZINE.**—This truly elegant publication has been forwarded. The bare mention of the name of the talented editor is enough to attract towards it the attention of the public,—that of Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. It is well filled with choice reading and engravings, printed in an elegant manner, and is well worth the price of its subscription.—*The Statesman, Concord, N. H.*

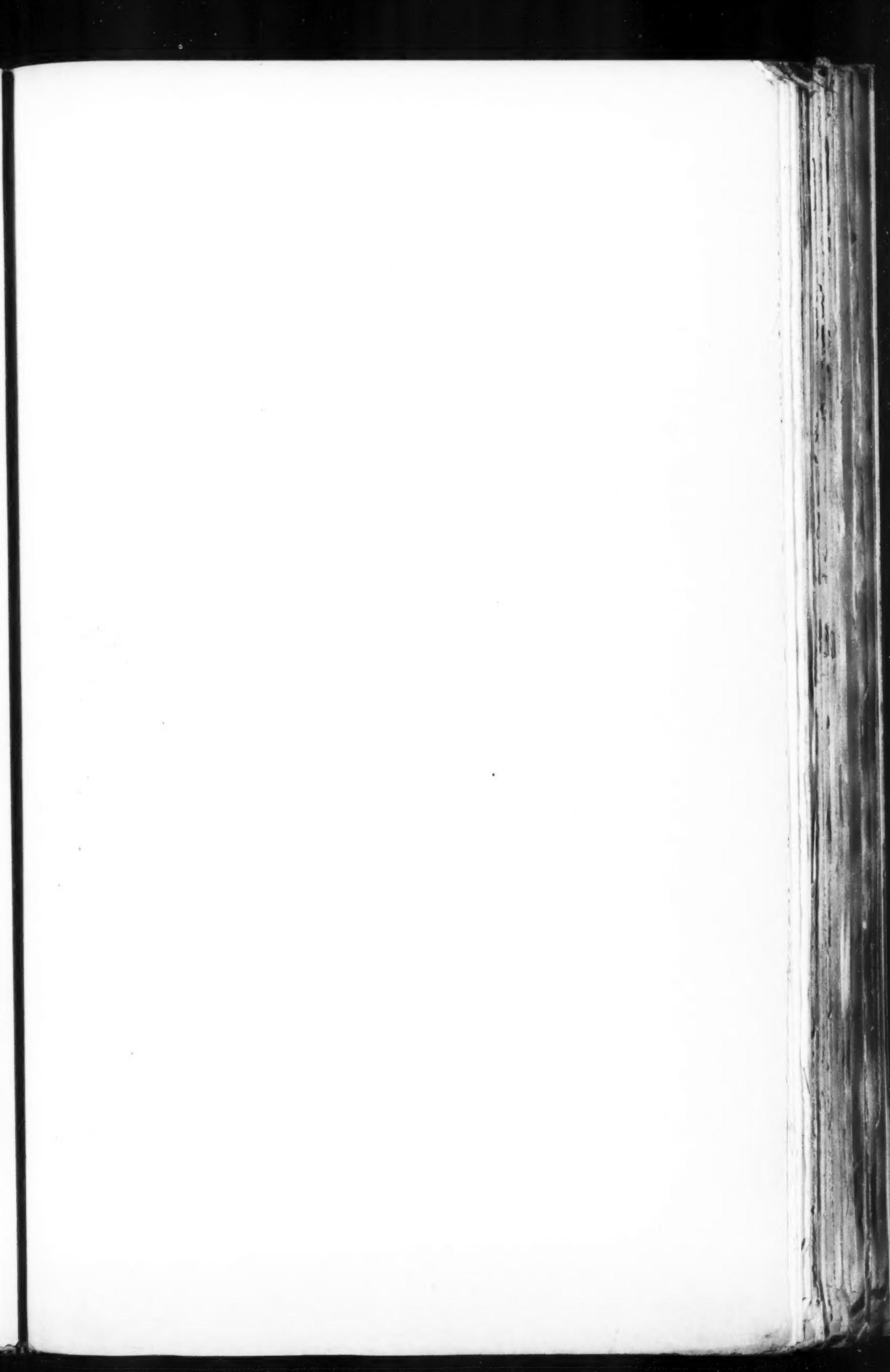
**THE UNION MAGAZINE** for February is most beautifully ornamented with fine steel engravings and expressive wood-cuts. "Steps to Ruin" is a truthful illustration of the downward course of the convivial good fellow. "Going to School" is too powerful a draft on the sweet recollections of a New England scholar, to be anything but exquisite, till having read Mrs. Embury's accompanying story, the present, with its monuments of the loved and lost, casts a shadow over the heart, and the beautiful scene becomes sad, very sad. "It grows as it goes," by Mrs. Ellet; "The subject of Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*"; "The Surrender of Detroit," and "Lillis Robinson and her Brother," are of more than usual interest. Several other articles of prose and poetry from good writers, and a charming editorial miscellany and two pages of music, and its patrons have more than their money's worth.—*Windham County Democrat, Brattleboro, Vt.*

**UNION MAGAZINE.**—We have received the Feb. No. of this beautiful and interesting monthly. The steel engravings are admirable. "Going to School," is a capital thing; and the illustrations, fashion plates, music, etc., are all excellent. This is the second number of the second volume of this magazine, and during the brief period of its publication, it has established for itself a character which places it among the first, if not actually the first of American magazines. The writings of Mrs. Kirkland, by whom it is edited, are sufficient to give the work a wide-spread popularity, and to secure for it the favor and patronage of the public.—*Fairfield County Democrat, Norwalk, Conn.*

**THE UNION MAGAZINE.**—We have received the February number of this excellent monthly. As usual, it is filled with rich and varied articles, in poetry and prose, from the pens of Mrs. Ellis, Miss Gould, Miss A. Brown, Park Benjamin, Simms, J. R. Orton, and others. There are two steel engravings, a fashion plate, and eight wood engravings, all in illustration of the contents, which serve to enrich as well as embellish the work.—*National Era, Washington, D. C.*

**THE UNION MAGAZINE.**—The February No. of the Union is fully equal to any of its predecessors. Among the contributors of this month, we notice the names of Mrs. Ellet, Simms and Richards, well-known southern writers. The embellish-

(See third page cover.)

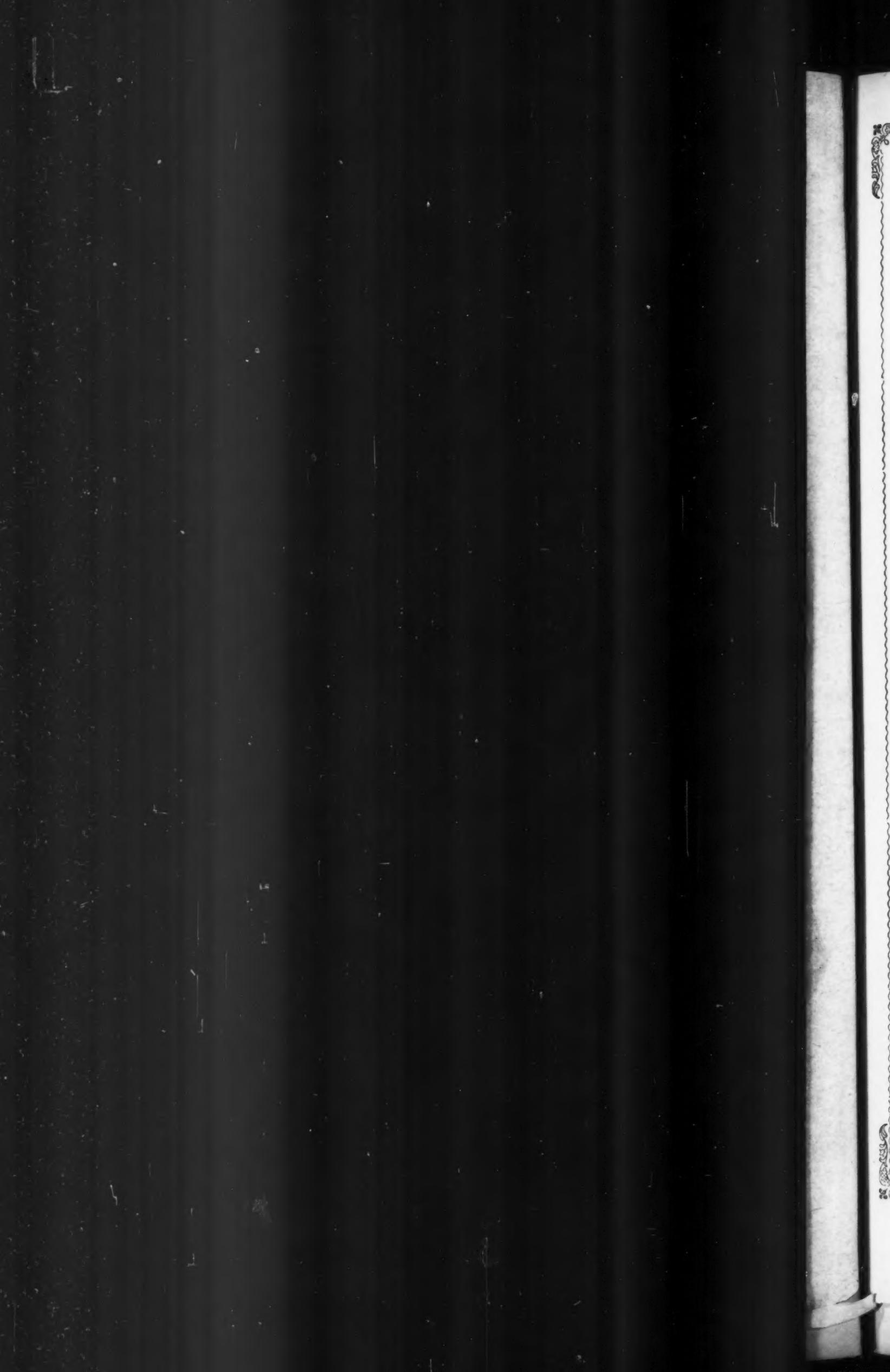




Kean

Examined by Mrs. Burnett





# THE UNION MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1848.



## THE VOICE OF THE MUTE.

A Passage from Actual Life.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,  
Author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," etc.

The circumstances we are about to relate, however curious in their kind, are of real occurrence, having been evolved by a painful investigation in a court of justice. The event is recent, and fresh in the memory of the numerous witnesses, who were, in part, privy to the transaction, and present at the trial. We forbear the use of names, as by no means necessary to the narrative; and suppress some of the minor details, which, however insignificant in themselves, might possibly have the effect of disquieting persons whom there can be no

motive to disturb. The period of action is within the last twenty years; the scene, one of the northern border districts, or counties, of South Carolina. This region, penetrated by numerous and unprofitable swamps, is necessarily very sparsely settled. The population is generally of an humble and uninstructed class; the physical difficulties of the country preventing that sufficient accumulation of pupils, in any one place, which alone could recompense the toils of a competent schoolmaster. The log-house of the squatter, and

the scarcely-superior framed dwelling of the more staid methodical farmer, but infrequently dot the surface of the country ; and it is at long intervals only that you arrive at the more stately establishments of the wealthy planter, proud in his hospitality, and solicitous always to give it exercise. Humanity, in such a region, necessarily puts on its least persuasive aspects ; and a phlegmatic harshness of character ordinarily prevails among a people who see but little of the world, and suffer habitually from most of its privations. Their nature, soured by denial, and rendered suspicious by seclusion, is severe to itself, and far from indulgent to others. Its sympathies are not often challenged or accorded ; and life passes, from infancy to age, unsweetened and unenlivened by those tenderer sentiments which alone soften the passions into virtues, and make men tolerant of the faults and feebleesses of their neighbors. A rude courtesy shares with you its bread and meat, and points to the bed of *shuck* upon which you are to sleep ; but you are welcomed without a smile, and dismissed without a regret. The sensibilities are not dead, but dormant. They have never been aroused by exaction, nor trained by provocation to constancy and activity. There is, indeed, an ignorance of the heart,—the natural history, it would seem, of all regions where an incurable sterility of soil, unhealthy seasons, and infrequent associations of man with man, repress the affections,—which we mistakenly ascribe to nature, apart from education ; when, indeed, it may be more safely asserted that there are few natural impulses to human sympathies—certainly, few of any intensity of character—unless in conditions of large and improving intellectual activity. As the true nature of man implies intellect, so this nature is seldom properly active in a state of society where the intellect is unexercised, and the mental energies are kept in abeyance, or suffered to decline. In no other region, perhaps, than one suffering from such social privations, could such a history have had its occurrence.

It appears that in one of the most secluded portions of the district of country which we have described, there dwelt a widow, who, in addition to the evils of poverty and ignorance, had two children, a boy and a girl, both of whom were mutes. A slight difference in their ages was in favor of the boy. They were both nearly grown, at the period to which we entreat the attention of the reader. Though mutes, uneducated and simple, they were not deficient, it would seem, in a certain degree of natural intelligence ; but lacking wholly those external aids by which society would have trained it into activity, they soon proved themselves wild and unmanageable, so far as parental control was concerned. They were harmless, however, offering no offence to

those with whom they came in contact ; and, though moody and passionate at periods, were very far from exhibiting such dispositions as would have rendered them dangerous, or even troublesome to the neighborhood. They were thus tolerated, though without winning sympathies ; and, though unmolested in their somewhat erratic courses, were yet very far from possessing the favor, or even the pity, of those around them. Indeed, in a community where the mind asserted no ascendancy, and where no provision for education had been made, their deficiencies were not so obvious ; and the rare physical health and ease which they enjoyed, and the leisure which naturally resulted from their partial incapacity—their privileges, indeed, might with some have been rather a matter of envy than commiseration.

But the condition of the mother did not suffer them to be wholly without employment, though their tasks were necessarily few, and strictly adapted to their capacities. The lad could be useful in his way, and had his tasks assigned him by the mother ; who, though herself entirely uneducated, and without information or experience, in the management of children thus deprived of the most ordinary of human gifts, had, by her maternal instincts, arrived at reasonable means for guiding her children, and restraining them, after a fashion. She could ascertain their wants, and declare her own, soothe their distresses, and moderately conduct their desires. She had secured their affections, almost as the natural consequence of the exercise and showing of her own ; and, in all the ordinary business of the household and the neighborhood, her training from infancy to youth had enabled her to acquire and to teach them a language of looks and signs, which, perhaps, was not so far inferior to the modes practised in our public asylums for such pupils. The children were not without their sympathies, such as they were. They loved the mother, and they loved one another, in perhaps even greater degree than is commonly the case with boys and girls in their own condition in life, who are free from their disabilities. But their affections, as might be supposed, were directed by their impulses, and these were quite as capricious as they were intense. Strong, deep feelings, and a fiery will, are very apt to inform the bosoms which are made painfully conscious of any great physical inferiority or deficiency ; and it is in the very degree with the amount of intelligence which the suffering person possesses, that he is the victim to his moods ; which, once aroused to provocation, mock him into madness by the constant picture of an infirmity that he knows not how to repair, and which is as apparent to others as to himself.

Our boy-mute seems to have been thus passionate and capricious; easily roused, and boiling

over with his emotions, but as readily subsiding into calm under the suasion of judicious treatment. The mother, all circumstances considered, had him under very tolerable control. He enjoyed, however, a considerable degree of freedom; wandered forth when and where he pleased; and, absenting himself for days with his fowling-piece, without alarming anything but the birds and squirrels which he chiefly pursued, was suffered an ample range, and occasioned alarm neither by his presence nor his absence. Still, his progress was not always made without annoyance to his neighbors: and an occasional grumbler, whose potato or turnip patch suffered at the hands of the wanderer, was seen to scowl at his approach, and to mutter his discontent, in a temper that sometimes took the form of a threat, which was probably never seriously intended.

But if the brother showed himself erratic in his moods, the sister was even more so. Her nature seems to have been not materially unlike that of the boy, but with (as was to be expected in the case of her sex) a greater degree of softness and simplicity. She was by no means an idiot, but her faculties were far less under her own control, or that of her mother. She was literally a wild nymph of the woods, wandering away, day and night, at all hours and seasons—designing no harm—feeling no fear—and so completely in disregard of restraint and pursuit, that it became necessary to erect for her a rude log dwelling in the thickest of the forest, where she was known to range, in order that she might, when she pleased, find a shelter at night from the inclement weather. How often or how infrequently she employed this refuge, in obedience to her instincts, could only be conjectured. That she did use it was satisfactorily known. Thither she retired when the storm threatened, or the cold; and from thence she emerged when the weather moderated, not regarding the absence of the sunshine, but going forth at dawn, at dusk, or in the starlight, as if she communed with other than the ordinary inhabitants of this earth. Her wildness seems to have implied nothing harsh or coarse in her character. On the contrary, it appears to have been one of an artless and pleasing abstraction—a gentleness that was only not uniform or common-place; a rare innocence of heart correcting the infirmities of the mind, and producing a temper, which, if childishly wanton in its wandering impulse, was, at the same time, as childishly pliant in its sympathies and submission,—when these were not taxed by a too great restraint of those prevailing moods of her nature, which, as they were at once harmless and tenacious, it would have been, perhaps, the merest tyranny to endeavor to restrain. It was shown upon the trial, (which grew from circumstances to be de-

tailed hereafter,) that the swamp and forest were her familiar places of abode; that she found sympathies with the bird, the reptile, and the beast—unharmed by them, herself unharmed;—commended to their confidence, it would seem, by such an exhibition of human feebleness as forbore to alarm their instincts. With these wild creatures it is certain that she lived in a degree of social intercourse and kindly communion, such as it was utterly impossible that a being so constituted should ever have found in human society; unless, perhaps, where it was so morally superior, that love and pity would have been ever present to reconcile her friends to cares and auxiliaries, such as her erratic habits would forever have kept in exercise. The hunters found her absolutely herding with the deer which they pursued. They were seen, as she sat, or wandered beneath the old trees, browsing, without apprehension, around her footsteps. The doe led her young fawn to the very spot where she most loved to linger; appearing to place it in the keeping of one who represented humanity only in its most friendly and affectionate aspects. The wild turkey fed along the track, unembarrassed at her coming; and the partridge and the doye, acknowledging in her a nature not unlike their own, felt in her presence no necessity to use their wings. We exaggerate nothing in these statements. Such were the asseverations made on oath by the witnesses, none of whom were of a class to invent such seeming extravagances. This testimony is greatly countenanced by the leading event in our history. It was in these abodes—pursuing this wild, strange life—in this communion with the inferior suspicious nature—in the haunt of the fox, the wild cat, and the deer—that the poor girl was finally found murdered! She, whom the reptile and the beast had spared, fell a victim to the carelessness or the brutality of her own species. A load of buckshot had penetrated her innocent bosom, and when she was discovered, life was utterly extinct. The question naturally was, by whose hands had she perished? Who could have been guilty of a crime so dreadful, so wanton, so entirely without motive; so horribly cruel, in the case of a creature so commended by every feeling of sympathy and pity to the indulgence and the protection of humanity?

Suspicion, strange to say, after some wandering, settled upon the youth, her brother! There were certain facts and circumstances which seemed to give a countenance to the horrible conjecture that it was by his hands the fatal shot were sent. It appears that, for some days before her death, there had been a misunderstanding, amounting to warm disagreement, between the two. In their own imperfect, but passionate manner, they had quarrelled on the very morning

of the day on which the deed was done. She had gone forth, and, without any known reconciliation between them, he had been seen to seize his gun, only a little while after, to load it, and follow in her footsteps. These and other particulars which appeared in evidence, rendered his conduct exceedingly suspicious; and even the poor mother, who was a witness to all these proceedings, was compelled to admit the horrible doubt into her mind, in spite of her more natural hopes and sympathies. If not active in bringing the supposed criminal to justice, she at least yielded without opposition to a requisition which she trembled to believe was the dictate of justice only. We have not arrayed together, in this place, the variety of circumstances which rendered the probabilities of such a nature as to prompt the common conviction of his guilt. That he *was* guilty, his mother did not so much believe, as fear! She had witnessed their quarrel,—she knew the extent and violence of his passions when provoked; and the event—which seemed to follow, as in direct connection with them,—was well calculated to excite her apprehensions. It is but justice to the humanity of the community to say, that the opinion of the young man's guilt, though common, was not universal. There were some who fancied yet darker histories; some who, knowing the petty annoyances which the erratic habits of the girl sometimes entailed upon her neighbors,—whose gardens she invaded for fruit and other articles of food,—suspected the agency, in her death, of other hands, whose promptings were of a less excusable kind than any which could possibly be ascribed to the boy, her brother. Others again thought,—and this seems to be the more probable conjecture,—that the girl fell a victim to the imperfect sight and mistake of some eager hunter, or to her own unknown and unsuspected proximity to the game which he pursued. The fatal shot might have been sent by one who never knew the object which they struck; or who, if he did discover the dying victim of his unconscious aim, lacked the courage to declare the fact, and honestly avow his unintended but unhappy deed. Whatever may have been the facts, it is enough for our present purpose to state, that the surviving mute was arrested, and put upon trial for the murder of his sister.

It was now, at the very threshold of the case, that a difficulty occurred which had not been foreseen. How was the prosecuting attorney, on the part of the State, to convey to the mind of the prisoner, the idea of the crime of which he was accused? How was he to be arraigned? It might be comparatively easy to make him understand that he was supposed to have shot the girl; but how, in the case of one who had lived so en-

tirely motiveless—so little in communion with the world—so little participant in its ideas—so totally uninstructed in its definitions—to convey the impression of malice, a deliberate purpose of evil—the *quo animo* which constitutes the true nature of the offence? This was the difficulty. The mother was the interpreter; the only one who could be employed between the court and the culprit. She had never in all probability, had occasion, in all his life, to seek to impress such an idea upon his mind. In the case of such a pupil, the lesson would seem to have been utterly abstract in its character—to have been demanded by no necessity; and, therefore, to have remained untaught, and even unsuggested. But even if it ever had been suggested, it was quite unlikely that an idea would be retained by such a pupil, which daily events and studies gave her no provocation to apply and exercise. How had she impressed it upon his convictions—by what signs and continuous lessons, so as to establish, between the teacher and the taught, an understood symbol of the idea, which he should now recognize; and thus appreciate the just sense of what was meant to be conveyed? It was clear that no idea could possibly be received by his mind, for which there had been no habitually understood signs and symbols between himself and the interpreter. These difficulties called for some reflection; the woman at the outset showing herself at a loss in what manner to transmit to the youth the purport of the charge in the specific and technical language of the law. Authorities were consulted; but the whole body of English law afforded but a single case; and that was not sufficiently analogous, though in some respects like, to be recognized as a sufficient precedent.

The presiding judge, who is now in a high official position before the whole nation, was a man of quick, keen instincts, great natural intelligence, and of warm enthusiastic impulses. He entered at once into the merits and difficulties of the case. His feelings became excited—his sympathies were enlisted for the parties; and he addressed himself to the interests of the subject with that earnestness, which almost always results in finding a clue to the most impervious labyrinths. He soon relieved the acting attorneys from most of their annoyances. After a brief personal examination of the accused, in which, from the utter want of a common medium of communication, he found that nothing was to be gained, he addressed himself to the mother. The labor here, promised at first to be almost as little profitable as in the case of the son. There was, no doubt, a natural reluctance on her part to minister to the prosecution, and this may have rendered her more obtuse than usual; but in truth, she was of a class of persons, who never receive the light of education. She

was ignorant of all but the most ordinary suggestions ; and ideas at all abstract in their character, or foreign to the daily necessities of that humble and secluded life to which she had been accustomed, it was by no means possible to convey to her understanding, except with much pains-taking and patience. Our judge, however, by dint of these virtues—which by the way, he does not habitually display—succeeded in impressing upon her at last, that she was to inform the mind of her son with these separate ideas: that he was charged with killing his sister with his gun ; that he had designed to kill her ; and that he had done so under the instigation of a *bad heart* ! The bad heart—the black, evil purpose of the killing—was to be particularly insisted upon ; the fictions of our law being of that tenaciously absurd character, as to demand, that the accused shall appreciate all their mysteries and technicalities, (though, whether he does so or not, would have no sort of influence in preventing or arresting his trial,) upon a designation of the morals and motives of his offence ; instead of leaving these to be evolved in the evidence : thus, at the outset, giving to the prosecution a color which the evidence itself might forbear ; but to which the prosecuting attorney—and sometimes the jury—is anxious to adhere in the teeth of all the testimony.

It was only after considerable time and difficulty, that the mother appeared to conceive the entire scope of the ideas which the judge labored to convey. Professing, at last, that she did so, she prepared to transmit them to her son through their usual media of intelligence. It was a curious study to the court to witness the progress of the scene, and the gradual dawning, upon the inert and unexpert intellect of the youth, of the strange, unaccustomed idea. From the first, there had been no sign of indifference on his part. He exhibited a large degree of curiosity and anxiety. It would have been idle to plead idiocy, or the absence of sufficient intelligence to render him a sociably responsible being. His arrest, his confinement, and the novel scene in which he found himself, were all circumstances calculated to open the way for new and strange convictions ; and when the mother challenged his attention, she found him equally heedful and submissive. The details of such a scene are not to be described. It would be equally useless and impossible to endeavor to detail the various steps and processes—the eager signs—the murmured sounds—the wild contortions of visage—the impatient action of the form, by which she first impressed him with the idea of his sister when in life—of his quarrel with her on the morning of her death—how she went forth into the forest as usual—how he loaded his gun and followed her—how he came back and she did not—how she was found—in what condi-

tion—her body riddled with bullets, and she incapable of farther strife and farther suffering at any hands. Step by step, however, slowly, but with a wonderful ingenuity, the result of long practice and daily necessities, she led his incapable mind onward to the just appreciation of all the *facts* in the history. It was evident, at the close of a certain stage in the proceedings, that these were finally comprehended. The important difficulty remained of showing him, not only his own share in the deed, but the motive and the malice of it ;—the *moral* of the fact—how, *provoked* by his sister in the quarrel, he had prepared his gun with buck-shot, *for* her destruction ; how, filled with this purpose, he had deliberately pursued and her, instigated by the *bad, black heart*, had followed her to her favorite retreat in the forest, and there completed the measure of his evil thoughts by shooting her through the body. We need scarcely say, that it was in approaching this portion of her task, that the mother found her greatest difficulty. To connect the moral purpose with the deed, with which, to the ordinary mind, it is not always coupled, was in the present case productive of more prolonged trial of the patience of the parties. The court, however, and the spectators, watched, with unflagging interest, the strange dramatic spectacle. They did not seem to feel fatigue as they looked to the eyes and features of the accused for the gradual appearance of that dawning light of consciousness which should announce the entry of the new idea into his mind. Equally wild and vacant, for a time, were his features, as he submitted to a farther examination, in which the signs were many of them wholly new, and significant of new suggestions—signs, some of them, of which the woman herself seemed doubtful, even while she employed them ; and which she sometimes exchanged for others. It was doubtful whether she would succeed. The boy seemed rather bewildered than informed. She herself grew somewhat bewildered ; and it was only by the frequent interposition of the judge, that she was kept steadily on the track of that leading motive of the supposed criminal, to which it was essential that his thoughts should be awakened. Still, there was progress: every now and then, it would be seen that the eye of the boy would lighten, as if under a moral consciousness ; and he would nod affirmatively, as if taking the suggestion that the mother labored to convey. Point after point was thus gained, in this strange progress ; and the whole nature of the charge, slowly and painfully evolved in details too minute for us to follow, it was evident to all, began to glimmer faintly upon his faculties ; until, as the burden of the accusation, in all its hideous proportions, flashed completely upon his soul, he uttered a shriek of terrible intelligence, which thrilled

through the whole assembly—a hideous shriek, such as belongs only to the mute, where the voice seems to struggle with convulsive violence against the bonds which it cannot break ; and before his purpose could be conjectured, he leaped from the prisoner's dock, and, putting aside all obstacles, darting across the intervening space, bounded headlong up the steps which led to the bench where sat the presiding judge. He had seen the part which the latter had taken in the trial—had noticed his controlling influence of his mother, and conceived him to be the sole arbiter of his fate. In an instant, he had fastened his arms about the neck of the astonished magistrate ; and with convulsive sobs, the inadequate wail of imbecility, the tears all the while pouring down his cheeks, he proceeded by his rude but expressive action—which no longer needed the interpretations of his mother—to deny that he was guilty—that he had ever lifted his hand against his sister ;—to declare that he had always loved her too well to give her pain ; and as for the *bad, black heart* of which he was accused, to fling it from him with aversion and horror, as a guest to which he had never given harborage in his breast. The action was admirably true to his purpose. No language could have made it more significant. It was the voice of nature in her emergency. Here was a case in which the instincts made the actor ; enabling him to attain a degree of eloquence, though speechless, which produced emotions quite as intense, and convictions quite as satisfactory, as any words

could have done. The whole court was in tears. The counsel of the prisoner was dumb, having no arguments so powerful as those which the mute himself had produced. The Judge, his eyes teeming with frequent overflow, gave the case to the jury, in a charge, which, to those who knew his remarkable successes in sudden and passionate outbursts of emotion, it will not seem extravagant to say, was one of the most noble and touching specimens of judicial eloquence that ever responded to the full and exquisite sympathies of an audience.

We need hardly say that the prisoner was acquitted—that the jury, without leaving their places, found him guiltless of the offence ;—the mere array of circumstances, short of absolute proof of the crime, not being suffered to weigh against that *voice of the mute* himself, which could only have found its irresistible eloquence in the conscious innocence of his heart. But who was guilty ? The question, to this day, remains unanswered. It is one that need not be again disturbed. The penalties, to him whose hand performed the murderous action, have, no doubt, been quite as terrible as any which could be inflicted by human law. It was, very probably, as we have already hinted, the involuntary deed of the hunter, whose heart failed in the necessary courage which would have honestly declared his misfortune, and have found in the open avowal of his sorrow and contrition, a soothing and a relief against those stings of self-reproach, which his very silence must make remorseful.

## FAIR VOYAGER ADOWN LIFE'S TIDE.

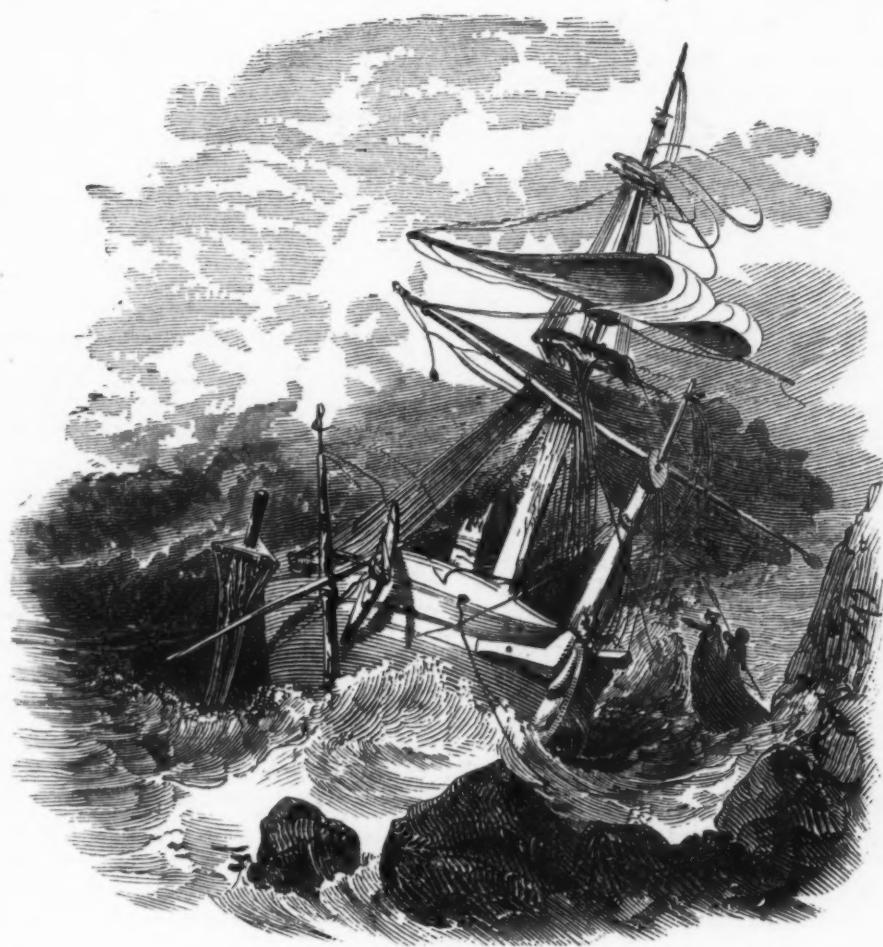
BY J. H. BIXBY.

FAIR voyager adown life's rapid tide,  
How flows the current, once so fair and free,  
When we were fleetly floating side by side,  
Through verdant valleys to a sunny sea.

Has thy glad way been on, bright banks between,  
Among green islands, where the rustling trees  
Fair shadows throw, till crowns of gayer green  
Beneath the wave seem stirring in the breeze ?

Or has it rushed impetuously along  
A rugged channel, dark with storms ; or stole  
Away so quiet that no rippling song  
Of joy was heard—no gleam to glad the soul ?

Not such thy course, I ask ; nor storm, nor calm,  
But 'favoring gales' from off the flowery lea ;  
May blessings come upon their wings of balm,  
And sunshine gild thy passage to the sea.



## THE WRECK.

BY GEO. A. BAILEY.

A FAIR midsummer's sea!  
Abroad no sign that doth of evil tell,  
And toying with the billows, consciously,  
A proud ship rose and fell.

Day after day she held  
The course it was her pilot's will to steer,  
Then wildly by the rising blast impelled,  
Nor dreamed her crew of fear.

But clouds arose anon,  
And shut from joyful eyes the golden light  
That made them thankful for the welcome sun,  
And day shrunk back to night.

And through that midnight gloom  
Those bold, true-hearted seameu might not go,

Nor meet their sure, though scarce-foretold doom,  
A doom of direst woe.

When the Storm-Demon threw  
His glance abroad, they quailed beneath his frown;  
Oh, that the brave ship with her wretched crew  
Had timefully gone down!

Woe! woe! a hulk still rides,  
A dreaded thing in its vast loneliness!  
O'er an unbeacon'd ocean's restless tides,  
Ill-manned and masterless.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The stricken human mind!  
Oh God! how sad a thing it is to see  
That which Thou hast for reason's throne designed,  
A hopeless vacancy!

## HENRIETTA GRAY.

BY J. R. ORTON.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE is something lovely in the name of sister, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noonday sun : a sister, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

It was late in the Autumn of 18—, when a small party of young gentlefolks were assembled at the mansion of Doctor Gray, in one of the principal streets of the city of Boston. The house was large, and well furnished ; and all the arrangements for the little fête, and the fête itself were conducted with that simplicity and propriety, which are ever evidences of taste and delicacy. At a moderate hour, the happy guests departed, pleased with their hostess, the entertainment, and with themselves. One only lingered behind, a very youthful gentleman, who stood with his hand upon the drawing-room door, in conversation with Mrs. Gray and her young, charming daughter. Mrs. Gray remarked that it was still early, and that Henrietta and herself would sit up for the Doctor ; and his own wishes thus seconded, the young man again resumed his chair.

Henrietta Gray, at this period, was thirteen ; half-girl and half-woman ; an age when the maiden stops in her childish sports, and wonders why they have always interested her so deeply : and as she muses, sees in the distance, fairy palaces, and green and flowery banks, and smooth translucent rivers—the thorns and the rough waves of the future all blissfully hidden from her. She was not handsome : her features were not regular, her face was too pale, her form too slight. But then the combined expression of the whole was pleasing. Her eyes were a liquid blue, her countenance intelligent ; and, above all, kindness beamed in every feature ; and when she spoke, her voice was like the soothing ripple of a gentle stream.

Arthur Blane, the youth who had secured a few additional minutes for the enjoyment of Henrietta's society, was about two years her senior ; a fair-haired, rosy lad, of modest manners ; who, as he finally bade her good night, looked into her eyes and trembled ; and his voice sunk to a cadence almost as mellow as her own ; so true it is, that gentleness begets gentleness, and tends to subdue all things to itself.

But Arthur Blane's footsteps had hardly died away on the stair, when they were heard again in a rapid ascent ; and rushing into the presence of Henrietta and her mother, pale and affrighted, in a few broken words, but tenderly as possible, he informed them that an accident had befallen the Doctor. The brief announcement was hardly ended, when the ghastly person of Doctor Gray, senseless and bleeding, was borne into the house. The explanation of the casualty was, that in returning from a professional visit, in a dark and narrow street, his carriage had been overturned by striking against a post.

The sudden transformation of Doctor Gray's elegant and happy mansion to a house of mourning ; the wild grief of Mrs. Gray ; the heart-broken sighs of Henrietta ; and the attempts of Arthur Blane, and other friends hastily summoned at midnight, with consternation pictured in their faces, to administer hope and consolation ; the Doctor's gradual return to consciousness ; and the doubts and apprehensions of his medical attendants as to the final result ; are of a nature too painful to dwell on. Suffice it, that with the morning, the family were permitted to hope ; and the Doctor entered on a period of slow and painful convalescence.

Doctor Gray was, or had been, one of the most skilful and popular physicians of the city. He was now fifty years old ; and, unfortunately, having remained a bachelor until thirty-five, during the period of his single life he had acquired habits of conviviality and late hours, which he had never found the resolution to abandon. He was in the main a kind husband, and an affectionate parent ; but as evil habits, if not vanquished, in the end are almost certain to *vanquish*, so the Doctor's relish for his boon companions and the bottle had grown

upon him, until it had nearly made its last demand, in a claim for his life.

Another evil still had followed in the wake of the Doctor's course of life. It lost him the confidence of his friends; and for several years, while the expenses of his family had been increasing, his business had been diminishing. His accident, and the confinement of several months which followed, turned the attention of his creditors to the condition of his affairs; and he recovered only to find himself a bankrupt, and his wife and children reduced to beggary.

At this distressing period in the history of the Gray family, the Doctor and his three younger children suddenly disappeared; and no trace of them could be discovered. After a time of wonder, of grief and despair, Mrs. Gray and Henrietta, the sole remaining members of the household, retired to cheap and narrow quarters in the suburbs of the town, where the mother, overcome by the successive shocks of her severe destiny, sunk into a condition of imbecility.

Not so with Henrietta. Though a shadow rested on her pale face, and the sorrows of her young life had sunk deeply into her heart, a kind Providence had not suffered her to be broken by their unusual weight. She was still gentle as ever, but misfortune is rapid in the development of character; and to gentleness were now added an unlooked-for fortitude and energy. Her mother, entirely incapable of effort, and herself, were to be fed. She laid her case at the foot of Omnipotence, and received strength. Friends, it is true, were kind; and some relations there were, who did not utterly forget the bereaved ones in their affliction; but, in the main, the wants of both mother and daughter were now to be supplied, and for a period of weary months and years, were supplied, by the labors of Henrietta. When not occupied with the care of her sick parent, her needle was in active requisition: and early and late she toiled, and toiled cheerfully, for bread; and thanked God that it was daily given her.

Among her kind friends, none were more constant or thoughtful, than Mr. and Mrs. Blane. Neither did Arthur forget her; and, to the great scandal of the prying ones, he divided the leisure of his college vacation pretty equally between his father's and the homely tenement of the Grays; and as he was an only son, of large expectations, to the farther scandal of the gossips his parents seemed to view his singular conduct with a total unconcern. Indeed, in these visits, his mother was almost his constant companion. When not diversified with the society of these friends, life, with Henrietta, presented little else than one unvarying toilsome round. Her household duties, her struggle for sustenance, and her care of her half idiotic and often captious parent, occupied her

hands, her thoughts, and her heart: and yet she had room for other sorrows; and withal, was not unhappy. The inscrutable and mysterious fate of her father and her little brothers, was of itself a burthen hard to be borne: and yet, with all these causes of depression bearing upon her, the consciousness of a daily effort to perform her duty, and, above all, a humble and sincere reliance on the goodness and care of Heaven, lightened her heart and her footsteps, and clothed her brow with serenity. While the ills of life are scattered with great apparent irregularity, its happiness is dispensed with a far more equal balance than is generally imagined.

Nearly four years thus wore away, when the thread of life, which for some months had been growing weaker and weaker, with Mrs. Gray, parted; and Henrietta alone, of all her family, was left. The Blanes were with her in her affliction; and crowned their generous kindness by offering her a home. The sympathies of her own relatives, too, were so far awakened by this last event, and the desolate condition of the stricken orphan, that her aunt Totten made her a like offer, which, for obvious reasons, Henrietta preferred to accept. Her rooms were accordingly given up, the humble furniture disposed of, and she became domesticated at her aunt's.

About a month after this event, Mrs. Totten's servant, one morning, left a couple of letters at Mr. Blane's. One was addressed to Mrs. Blane, and the other to Arthur; and they proved to be from Henrietta. The one to Arthur was unsealed, and as follows:

"Dear Arthur,—At a moment like this, when I am about to be separated from you for a time, and possibly forever, no feeling of delicacy must prevent my treating you with the frankness due to your noble and generous nature. That I love you, you will not doubt; and I am ready, so far as my heart is concerned, to become your wife. But I have first another and imperative duty to discharge. My inquiries after my lost father and brothers, have at length, as I have reason to believe, been crowned with success. I must go to them. Do not seek to follow me, or to trace me out; and if Heaven preserve me, the devotion of my life shall repay you. But if this be too hard, dear Arthur, take back your plighted troth, and be only my brother again."

When these letters arrived, Arthur Blane was absent from the city; and on his return, he hastened to Mrs. Totten's. From that discreet lady he obtained little additional intelligence. Henrietta was gone; but where, if she was in possession of the secret, Mrs. Totten was too guarded to disclose. His inquiries at the several stage-offices and elsewhere, with the view to ascertain the direction she had taken, were

equally unsuccessful ; and as this hope faded, gradually Arthur Blane's handsome and happy face assumed a lengthened and woe-begone expression. As months rolled away, he sunk into a nervous listlessness, which assumed, in the lapse of years during which he heard nothing from his betrothed, more and more the character of moroseness. His only relief was in travel ; and what excited a much greater amount of remark was the circumstance that his parents, in their old age, were also seized with a mania to see the world. During these peregrinations, the three, often in company, visited most of the towns in New-England, explored a large part of New-York, and penetrated, at several points, the interminable West beyond.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE scene of our little history now changes to the small village of K——, in the interior of the State of New-York : the period, about two years after the sudden disappearance of Dr. Gray and his children from Boston. The village was of no great pretension. It lay in a wide valley, encompassed by massive, but not abrupt hills; and to the south and east flowed small meandering rivers. It was of sufficient age to be free from stumps, and the immediate encroachments of the forests ; possessed an air of thrift and comfort, several respectable tenements, and a goodly number of neat white cottages, surrounded with ample grounds, and embosomed in shrubbery. But it was laid out absolutely without plan. Its principal street was thrice the width usually granted to avenues of the kind ; and from its northern extremity, in wild irregularity, diverged other streets towards every conceivable point of the compass. Its principal ornaments, in the way of buildings, were its churches and halls of learning. Two respectable structures, one of stone and the other of brick, were devoted to the purposes of an academy ; while several massive collegiate edifices crowned a hill at the south. The "Brick academy," the germ of two noble institutions of learning, in the poverty of a new settlement, had been built and sustained as a classic school through its infancy, by a voluntary mortgage on the property of the principal inhabitants of the place. These, it is hardly necessary to add, were staid New-Englanders.

It was spring-time, and the buds and foliage of village and country were just bursting into a rejoicing green,—when, one morning, the inhabitants of K—— became aware of an accession to their numbers. A little dilapidated hovel, standing on a common, and for a long period untenanted, had during the night been accommodated with occupants. A poor broken-down horse, hitched to a broken weather-beaten cart,

stood by the shattered door-way ; and an elderly, square-built man was endeavoring, with refuse boards and paper, to patch up the open windows. In the appearance of this individual there was something peculiar. He wore a faded lion-skin coat, of large dimensions, and enormous pockets ; and an old slouched hat to match. He was of middle height, but thick-set and muscular, with a most massive chest and head. His face was pale and wrinkled, surmounted with a heavy Roman nose, and shaded by an abundance of short grizzly hair. His eyebrows were heavy and projecting, and beneath them were a pair of cold, keen gray eyes. His head he carried a little on one side, as though his neck was stiff ; and all his movements were made with great deliberation, and an obtrusive self-possession. His companions—for he was not alone—were three lads of, perhaps, twelve, ten, and eight years of age, ragged and filthy, without shoes or hats ; their long, tangled locks sticking out in every direction, and bleached almost white by exposure to the weather ; and with scarcely clothes enough, such as they were, to cover their nakedness. The eldest was robust in appearance ; the next in size less so ; while the youngest was painfully frail.

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that these individuals were Doctor Gray and his children. He had consented to the loss of his standing in life, and to the disruption and degradation of his family, as he flattered himself, from a feeling of excusable pride ; an inability to brave the reverses of fortune amid the scenes of his prosperity, and to bear up under the sneers of rivals and the pity of sunshine friends. But had he probed his heart deeper, he would have discovered there a consciousness, that in order to regain his lost ground and retrieve his fortunes, it was necessary for him to relinquish the bottle ; and that for a sacrifice so great as this, he was not quite ready—not yet. It is unnecessary to trace him through the two years of intervening time. Suffice it, that he had changed his place of abode more than once, each time sinking lower in the scale of respectability ; until the little remnant of availables he had managed to smuggle from the city having become exhausted, he and his children were reduced to the condition in which they have been described.

The inhabitants of K. looked on him with some wonder and curiosity, but nobody molested him ; and soon he came to be known, on what authority no one exactly knew, as Doctor Glegg. Ere long, the hut he occupied became a charmed precinct to all the children ; for the door was kept carefully closed against intruders ; and as to windows, there was not a pane of glass in any one of them ; or other contrivance for the admission of light, save a few straggling patches of oiled paper. Stolen glimpses, it is true, had been

caught by the more curious of the urchins, through the door way, of a box, or large chest ; and it was cautiously whispered around, and, at length among the grown-up and gray-headed children of the place, that Doctor Glegg was a miser ; and that the chest in question contained his gold.

But the Doctor was poor enough ; so poor, that his miserable and cheerless tenement was rarely out of the reach of absolute want. Indeed, it is surprising how he and his wretched children managed to live at all. Unfitted by the habits of his life for manful labor ; and maintaining, even in his most abject degradation, a sort of personal respect, which forbade a resort to menial offices, his sphere of exertion was limited. Instead, therefore, of resorting to day's-works, he planted patches of corn and potatoes, on shares ; and secured a little hay in the same manner, for the benefit of his famished horse ; and in place of the carriage to which he had been accustomed, he rode to and from his fields in his cart ; while his elfin boys scoured the commons for refuse wood, and, bare-headed and bare-legged, waded and fished in the streams.

As time passed on, Doctor Glegg became more and more an object of curiosity. It was evident to all, that he was intemperate ; but he was never seen drunk, and was never vulgar or profane. It was perceived that he was a man of learning and of parts ; and that his conversation was a singular mixture of wit and wisdom, of bombast and simplicity, according to the circumstances under which he was accosted. With men of sense he talked sense ; with scholars, he was scholastic ; with fools, bombastic ; and to those who pressed him with an impertinent curiosity, he was utterly unintelligible. To the last class his replies were somewhat after this sort :

*"Mon Dieu !* man is a curious biped, made up of the most heterogeneous and incomprehensible parts. *Procul ! procul !* seat ! Neither him nor his concomitants have I any desire to know ; but consign them all, in one conglomerated mass, to the *crocus acclicatus of the common cant.*"

Others, however, who fell into casual conversation with him, and did not attempt to pry into his circumstances, or the events of his life, found his mind well stored with a variety of information, which he was capable of imparting in forcible and appropriate language. A student of the Academy having politely accosted him, Dr. Gray said,

" You are in pursuit of knowledge, my young sir : and among all the attainments after which the scholar should strive, nothing is more important than a just appreciation of his mother tongue. Allow me to inquire of you, what is the chief element of good composition ? "

" Simplicity," replied the student.

" The question is well answered," continued

the doctor ; " Dewitt Clinton himself could not have replied more justly. To know what we wish to communicate, and then to make the communication in just those exact words necessary to convey the whole idea, constitute the chief excellence of style."

A rough person having taken it upon him to abuse Dr. Gray, and to heap on him a volume of oaths and profane epithets, the old man listened for some time in silence. At length he quietly remarked :

" Sir, you cannot swear."

" Swear, old curmudgeon ? — what do you mean ? "

" It requires sense, sir," continued the doctor, " to swear. You may use the words, but you cannot swear."

Thus lived, or, rather, existed, Dr. Gray and his children, in the village of K——, for a period of two years ; when an event occurred which wrought a gradual change in their condition. There arrived in the stage from the East, a pale and delicate, but sweet-eyed young woman, dressed in deep black : who having attended to the safe disposition of her baggage at the hotel, inquired for the residence of the Rev. Mr. Trimble. It was shown to her, and she at once bent her steps in that direction.

The stranger lady approached the dwelling of the clergyman, not without trepidation. Brushing an unbidden tear from her eye, she raised the knocker with a shaking hand, but her heart and her determination were constant, for it was none other than Henrietta Gray. She found Mr. Trimble at home ; and more than that, a kind and feeling man. She told him her little story ; and exhibited to him her certificate of membership in one of the churches of Boston, as a voucher for her honesty, if, indeed, anything else were wanting than her sweet countenance and modest deportment.

The good man entered heartily into the object of her mission ; informed her that Dr. Glegg and the three children were still in K—— ; and from his account of them, she became more fully confirmed in the supposition that they were no other than her lost father and brothers. To change probability into a certainty, however, with a small daughter of Mr. Trimble as her cicerone, she strolled into the quarter of the village where stood Dr. Glegg's hut,—and saw and recognised her parent. She also passed quite near one or two of the boys ; but in their changed condition, she failed to discover anything which bore resemblance to the well-fed, well-clothed and happy children she had known. In great agitation of feeling, she returned to Mr. Trimble's house ; and accepted a cordial invitation from him and his kind lady, to pass the night with them.

## CHAPTER III.

On the following morning Henrietta found herself refreshed from the fatigues of her journey, and in a condition of mind and body to proceed in the accomplishment of her purposes. Her new friend, Mr. Trimble, introduced her at once into a highly respectable family, where she took a room and board; and himself arranged an interview between her and her brothers. Her baggage was hardly transported from the hotel to her new quarters, before they arrived: and, ragged and filthy as they were, were clasped over and over again to her heart, and bathed in her tears.

She found them as wild as the untamed colts of the desert. Dick, the eldest, after some little conversation, remembered her; and she perceived, on studying his countenance, that some of his former features remained. But with the others, William and Henry, there was no recognition on either side; and the two little fellows endured her caresses in sullen silence, as though in doubt of the whole proceeding.

An hour was devoted to the joy and sorrow of the meeting: and then Henrietta assisted her brothers to cleanse themselves, bathing them thoroughly from head to foot, and cutting and smoothing their matted hair. This done, she put on her bonnet, and taking them by the hand, walked out into the business street of the village. From her slender means she furnished them with hats and shoes, and purchased cloth for garments, all of a cheap but substantial quality, appropriate to their condition: and telling them to come again on the morrow, with good advice and soothing words of encouragement and tenderness, she sent them home.

For a large part of the succeeding night, Henrietta, happy and even joyous, plied her busy needle; and on the following day, several of the garments came from her hand, finished; but the children did not appear. Restless, in consequence, as night approached, she walked into the street, and naturally turned her footsteps towards the quarter where they resided. From the first, she would gladly have seen her father, and have included him directly in her mission of love and mercy. But this she feared to do. He had never been familiar with his children; she well understood the pride and selfish stubbornness of his character; and in studying her plans, she had determined it safest for their success, not to intrude upon him, but to leave him to make the first advances, or to chance, to bring them together. She suspected that he had forbidden the children to see her, but for this she was prepared. Passing the hut, she discovered Dick in the road beyond, and accosting him, learned that her suspicions were correct. Her father, on hearing of her presence in K—, and interview with her broth-

ers, had manifested considerable uneasiness, and peremptorily forbidden them to see her again. Placing the garments she had brought in her brother's hands, she expressed an ardent hope that her father would recall the prohibition, and even that he would soon allow her to see him; and re-tired.

But the next day brought no change; and on the following morning, having completed the rest of the garments, she again walked toward the hut. This time she found her father in the road, harnessing his poor old horse, and was obliged either to turn back, or to pass him. She chose the latter alternative; and as she came near, he turned suspiciously upon her, and regarded her coldly and sternly, but without speaking. Greatly agitated, Henrietta extended her arms toward him, and uttered the word "father."

Dr. Gray turned away, and walked towards his door.

"My dear father!" said she, in the most beseeching tones, "will you not own me?"

Dr. Gray leaned against the gate, with his back toward her, apparently as much affected as herself. He shook as though with an ague fit; and with a strong effort at last managed to say, in a broken, hollow voice:

"Go away! I know you not, and will not know you."

Poor Henrietta hung her gifts for her outcast brothers upon the broken fence near her wretched father, and departed with a sad heart. But her constancy was rewarded. That afternoon her little brothers were permitted to visit her again; and from that time forward their intercourse was uninterrupted. Soon she had all her plans for their benefit in successful operation. Her industry and skill with her needle, aided, perhaps, by sympathy, and the little air of romance which surrounded her, gave her an abundance of employment: her three brothers spent much of each day with her; and as she worked, she heard their lessons, conversed with them, and gave them instruction, so far as she was able, in every department of knowledge which she deemed necessary to their success in life. Her little workshop became a school of the most practical and valuable kind.

Neither did Henrietta forget her father, or cease her efforts to ameliorate his condition. Though she held no direct intercourse with him, through her prudently-exerted influence he was induced to remove to more comfortable quarters, where she managed to surround him with most of the necessaries, and, eventually, to supply him with many of the little comforts of life, to which, latterly, he had been a stranger. She even visited his rooms in his absence, attended to their cleanliness, and conferred upon them those little graces

and finishing touches which woman alone can bestow. She also attended to his wardrobe, kept it in repair, and added to it, from time to time, as her own means permitted, and his wants required. He, meanwhile, though he still refused to see her, regarded her, not in his superficial mind so clearly, but in his innermost soul, as a ministering angel,—and blessed her.

Thus nearly three years passed away. During this period Henrietta had heard several times from her aunt Totten, and through her, of the uneasiness of her good friends, the Blanes. This she deeply regretted, and would gladly have relieved, had her own strong sense of propriety and duty permitted. But to have informed them of her plans, would have been to defeat them. It is not to be supposed that Arthur Blane would have consented to remain in quiet expectancy of a wife, while she should devote two or three years of her life to the care of her dissolute and thankless father, and to the uncertain task of rescuing and reclaiming her vagabond brothers. Yet to the mind of Henrietta, when she had once succeeded in discovering where they were, this was her first duty; in comparison with which, all else, her own hopes and prospects in life, and even the temporary happiness of him she loved most faithfully and deeply, sunk into insignificance. In the rescuing and training of those helpless children, there was a great work to be done; and to her it was clear, that it belonged to herself, their sister, and the eldest, to do it; and further, that if she shrunk from the undertaking, it never would be accomplished. So, strong in the consciousness of the rectitude of her heart and her actions, she looked back without regret, if not always without sorrow, as she thought of her almost dissipated dream of life and love with Arthur Blane; and forward, with that cheering hope which the just and trustful have in heaven.

At this period Dr. Gray was prostrated by a sudden stroke of paralysis, and Henrietta hesitated no longer. She hastened to his bedside, and gave him the watchful care and tender solicitude of a daughter. He never recovered sufficiently to speak; but he knew her, and his proud and stubborn heart was at last softened. He expressed his gratitude by mute signs; and, pressing her hand in his, expired.

This event released Henrietta from a necessary

confinement to the village of K—. Her brothers were now greatly improved; and, under her skilful training, had made respectable advances in manners, morals, and education. They had proved apt pupils, with kind and affectionate natures; and their sister's unwonted love and purity had assimilated them much and readily to herself. But in case of her own return, she did not propose to take them to the city. A country life she considered most conducive to their happiness, virtue, and manhood: and accordingly set about providing them with suitable homes. Dick chose to be a farmer; and William and Henry, now grown into robust lads, selected mechanical occupations. Aided by the kindness and interest of the most respectable citizens of K—, good places were soon found, and the boys were properly bestowed.

The death of her father was announced by Henrietta to her aunt Totten very soon after its occurrence; and that hitherto discreet lady at once "took the responsibility" of consulting the Blanes as to the future movements of her niece. The consequence of this unauthorized proceeding was the arrival in the village of K—, in a very few days, of a barouche, containing the whole Blane family. Arthur's handsome face, so his mother declared, within a week, had shed a most solemn bevy of incipient wrinkles, and shortened half an inch; and the crimson which mantled on the cheek of Henrietta, as they met, did not, by any means, detract from the graces of her meek, but now blooming and mature beauty.

A day or two later, through the agency of the Blanes, who all at once became active in the affairs of the little village of K—, a council was held at the Rev. Mr. Trimble's, at which it was decided, that, under the peculiar circumstances of the present case, it was meet and proper that Henrietta Gray should return to Boston in no other capacity than as Mrs. Arthur Blane. On the morning of their departure, accordingly, the marriage ceremony was solemnized.

The principal personages in this little history, we believe, are still living. Henrietta is a happy wife, surrounded with an interesting family; and her three brothers, who have learned so well to know the depth and purity of a sister's love, are respectable and thriving citizens of one of the western States.

### "BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER."

LET me ne'er o'er a sunny brow  
A single shade of sorrow cast,  
Ne'er cause one bitter tear to flow,  
Nor make one painful feeling last.

Be mine the happy task to light  
The dreary on their desert-road,  
To make the cheek of sorrow bright,  
Life's weary ones forget their load.—H.



## CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. C. LOUISE M. MILLS.

He trod the garden—sad and lone—  
He, whose whole life was one of pain—  
And in His agony He prayed  
While sweat-drops fell like summer rain.  
Those drops, oh, man! thy life-long tears  
Would scarce repay thy treachery—  
And yet *He* pardons, He who died,  
Who suffered to atone for thee!

He trod the garden—those who came  
At His command, together slept,  
Ay, those whose task it should have been  
To wake and weep, no vigils kept!  
How sad—how sad! to find the few,  
The chosen of His little band,  
Slumb'ring thus softly, when His words  
Foretold the final hour at hand.

*Twice* to the sleepers' side He drew,  
Rebuking them in gentle tone;  
But heavier weighed their eyelids down,  
And still He watched and prayed *alone*.  
An hour passed by—He call'd—again—  
But no rebuke His words expressed;  
“Sleep on,” in music strains He said,  
“Sleep on, sleep on, and take your rest.”

The time had come—the garden fair,  
Where that meek suff'r humbly prayed,  
Became the scene of strife and blood,  
And basely there he was betrayed!  
Offending man, strive, strive, with faith,  
To make atonement for thy guilt,  
For 't was for thee, and thee alone,  
The Saviour's precious blood was spilt.

## AN ADVENTURE IN DREAM-LAND.

BY GEORGE W. PECK.

OUR life is not wholly made up of the time while we are awake. Perhaps we actually live as much while asleep; for it is well known that we often dream over hours, and sometimes days and weeks in a few moments. But of all that part of our existence we are very ignorant. What wonderful, interesting, or appalling adventures we pass through in the dead watches of the night, is known only in those profound recesses of the soul which lie beyond the ken of consciousness, and out of the reach of memory. We can bring away from the land of dreams but fragmentary recollections of strange adventures that probably happened to us just as we were repassing the boundary between it and the dull world of wakefulness.

Yet, these are sufficient to show, that however chequered our ordinary life may be, it is quite tame and devoid of incident in comparison with that which lies beyond the curtain of sleep; and to lead speculative people, among whom I must class myself, to delight in making researches in this department of investigation; and in treasuring and communicating all the knowledge which may be acquired in relation thereto. Conversing the other evening at my chambers, with my friend Q, who has in this respect, a taste similar to my own, he related an incident that he recollects as having occurred to him while asleep, a few nights previous, which I thought so remarkable, that I persuaded him to put it on paper for my especial gratification. It has since interested me so much in the reading of it, that I have obtained his permission to present it to the readers of your magazine, among whom there must be many as curious in such matters as we are.

After our conversation, I received from him next day the following letter:—

MY DEAR FRIEND:

"*Jubes me renorare dolorem*"; for certainly, I was never more unpleasantly agitated by a dream in my life; but then, in one respect, there is a pleasure in looking back, and thinking 'how lucky, it was all a dream!' I will endeavor to give you every particular as it actually seemed to me at the time.

You remember that on that evening I told you

I had been over to call on my friend W—, in Brooklyn. We had had a long conversation on German metaphysics, which, you know, is his hobby; and finally, on the peculiar fancy of the Germans in their tales and stories, in which we were naturally led to mention Hoffman. Then we spoke of real life having much the same proportion of singular incident all the world over; and he instanced among many other curious facts, the shocking death of Dr. W., from the bite of a rattlesnake, which occurred in the city a few weeks ago, as an example how full of strange mystery was, at all times, the actual world around us.

After leaving him, I had a long walk to the South Ferry, and on this side, up Broadway to the street where I reside. There was a bright moonlight; and the clear calmness of the night disposed me to meditation. I enjoyed it so much that I remember nothing I thought of after bidding W—'s charming wife good night, but that she and her husband appeared to love each other very much, and how singular it was that I should be in Brooklyn in the evening, after having been round the Croton Reservoir (my daily walk for exercise) in the morning, and congratulating myself on my excellent health and constitution—until I found myself in my chamber; when, it being by that time very late, I distinctly recollect that I only thought of getting to bed as soon as possible, which I did, and then, as they say in New England, "the next thing I knew, I knew nothing."

I awoke, as it seemed to me, about midnight; at first, in a half sleeping state, but presently, as you may conceive when I shall relate the circumstances, very wide awake indeed. I was in a large room, which I recognized as my own; though now I cannot remember to have ever seen it before, except that towards the close of my dream, it bore some faint resemblance to the old parlor on whose floor I used to build book-houses, as long ago as my memory will reach. My bed was (as it is not actually, but as it then seemed to me,) just where it should be—in one corner of the room; and midway the wall of the room, following the line of the head-board of the bedstead, was the grate, also in its proper place, though in

reality very differently situated. The fire was not quite gone out, but just made a faint glow on the ceiling. I went through all the changes one sometimes experiences in waking, in bringing the familiar apartment and furniture to their proper bearings.

Then it was, when this was passed, that I began to grow conscious of the horror of my situation. What could have tempted me to be so foolish,—I, that pride myself on my sense and prudence? The Kentuckian, who had brought it with him to the hotel, (for this was a hotel,) had urged me against the thing. Indeed, the whole house had been in commotion all the evening, on account of my rashness; but I, for no motive but to gratify my vanity, and keep up the appearance of knowing what I really did not, had persisted in placing myself in this dreadful predicament. Had it been to sleep in a haunted chamber, like a bold young knight in an old novel, I could have pardoned myself. But now—what would my friends think of me after I was gone? and such a dreadful death!

For there, in the farthest corner of the room, (I could not see, for it was too dark; and the table was in the way,) lay that most hideous reptile. How the Kentuckian leered at me, when he called it a young *boa constrictor*! My heart sunk as I thought of his face, apparently so honest, but so full of cruel cunning! O that I had yielded to the pathetic entreaties of the old landlord and his family! But no; because they all looked up to me as a man of learning, I had insisted that the reptile was a mere *coluber*; neither a *boa* nor a *rattlesnake*; and out of bravado had caused it to be laid in the corner of my room.

Now, in the still midnight, suddenly it came to me what it was. Yes; T—, who knows almost as much as Agassiz, had told me of such a creature as we were walking across the Washington Parade Ground; it was a huge rattlesnake without any rattles, and with a *diabolical intelligence*; and it was known to exist in the great Dismal Swamp, and its name in the books was ‘*SYBILLA*.’ It shows how intensely I was excited, as I gradually became conscious of this awful state of things, that I reasoned with myself on the derivation of this name; whether it were an allusion to the supernatural gifts of the ancient *Sybils*, or was taken simply from *sibilo*, to hiss, and concluded that it was from both.

But what was to be done? There had been a fire in the grate, not even yet gone out, sufficient to warm the creature to life; and with such a fellow, (eight or ten feet long,) walking about the room, I could not hope to escape. Any moment he might come and stretch his head up over the bed and breathe on me. Perhaps, however, the fire had not yet wholly brought him out of his torpor,

and I might yet kill him. It was clear that this was my only course.

Luckily, I have a stout staff of black-thorn, from Roslyn in Scotland, given me by an esteemed friend, which it is my custom, when travelling, to place within reach near the head of my bed. I felt for it now; and you may imagine how heartily I clutched it. But to use it as I designed, I must rise and light my lamp. Here was a necessity that required all my resolution. A long while did I lie and resolve and resolve again before I could compel myself to step with my bare feet upon the dark floor, where, for aught I knew the first thing I should touch might be the clammy body of the venomous serpent. Slowly, stilly, for at the least noise I listened for his sliding motion, did I place one foot after another on the cold carpet; and, as I did so, I remember thinking that all the agonizing moments I had ever experienced, or read of, were nothing to this. I literally shook so, with apprehension, that I was hardly able to sustain myself.

The first match went out in my tremulous hands, encumbered with my blackthorn (for you may be sure I would not let go that); I had therefore to endure the prolonged horror of lighting another, and fancying that the sudden flame of the first must have awakened the object of my dread. At length, however, the lamp was lighted, and I availed myself of its first faint beam to peer into the horrible corner. There it lay; that was one relief. But it had changed its position, which proved that it had partially, if not wholly, awakened. Now could I only go softly without disturbing it, my plan was accomplished.

I trimmed the lamp to make it burn brightly, though as I did so I became aware that it was growing daylight without doors, for I could see the pleasant foliage of green trees through the windows. Then, grasping my stick firmly with both hands, I held it over my left shoulder, preparing to put all my strength into one grand blow at the monster’s head, and cautiously advanced towards him.

He had not moved from his first position, which was stretched out nearly in a line, with one small coil near the tail, and the head towards me; but conceive my horror when I saw that the shape of his head had changed, it having flattened out as large as a man’s hand, the mouth portion being the widest; and, most frightful to behold, in the back part of his head were two oblong eyes, the most extraordinary that can be imagined, and whose expressions made my very heart quail within me: for



they seemed to look into my inmost soul, and that with such a fell, relentless purpose, and such a triumphant malice, that I thought to myself, ‘It is a demon : I see looking out of those eyes the soul of a fell spirit of darkness !’ whichever way I turned, their gaze still followed me, and with such quickness that I could never perceive the movement. When I crossed and recrossed the room, they would change with the speed of thought to suit every angle, always retaining the same fierce, malignant meaning.

All this while no other part of the fearful reptile stirred an atom ; so that at last I began to think ‘this must be my nervousness ; had it been awake, it would surely before this have made the dreaded leap ; it is only in appearance that the eyes follow me, like those in portraits which look directly at one in every point of view.’ Accordingly I bore myself up with a mighty effort, till I had got near enough to strike the blow that was to save me. Then, as I beat myself upward to put forth all my strength, I received a look so intensely devilish and poisonous, so unearthly and so full of appalling wildness, that I could withstand no longer ; the blow fell powerless, six inches wide of its mark ; the stick dropped from my hands and rattled over the floor, and I reeled backward screaming, or rather endeavoring to scream, for I was so faint that my voice, in spite of my most agonized efforts, came forth as thin as an infant’s.

It was some time before I could command myself sufficiently to steal a glance at the awful monster ; when I did, I saw that he had again changed his position, and was now coiled into a ring. This quite capped the climax of my horror ; before, I had all along a secret hope that my fears might have misled me to exaggerate my danger, and that the creature might, after all, be only torpidly sleeping, and his original position changed by accident ; but here was absolute life—here was the portentous coil that always precedes the fatal spring !—

I sunk back, utterly exhausted, into a chair, and closed my eyes, awaiting my inevitable death-stroke with a kind of numb resolution. But nothing came ; and presently, I know not how, I



became aware that there was no snake in the room,—but, HORROR OF HORRORS ! a beautiful young lady, somewhat resembling the wife of my friend W—, dancing around me in flowing robes, with graceful gestures and a blithe countenance, yet with the same diabolical eyes which had so affrighted me before, and from which I now found it impossible to withdraw my gaze. I remembered the old stories I had read of persons who had been under the fascination of snakes, how they heard sweet music and saw delightful forms ; and one moment concluded myself to be a doomed victim. But then, on reflection, I knew by the triumphant and hellish malice of those eyes, that this could be no other than a dreadful devil, this SYBILLA, who was sent there by Dr. W— (not the one who died by the rattlesnake, but another) to lure me to damnation by flattering me to be untrue in my heart to the lady that loves me. And when I thought of this, my heart grew very courageous, for I knew that all the powers of darkness could never prevail against truth and innocence ; therefore I could look, with a great effort, directly against the burning fierceness of those eyes, because the image of her who is dearer to me than life was before my fancy, and I knew that Beelzebub himself could not change the heart. Moreover, I was not content with this, but I now had some hope, and was determined to conquer. Accordingly, when the artful fiendish vision knelt before me with clasped hands and winning airs, yet with those *eyes* that the effort to seem loving made ten times fiercer ; and when she drew her face close to mine, and I heard the low *sibilant* that was meant to counterfeit the whisper of affection, I sprang from her in a paroxysm of rage, and spurned her with my foot, in the superhuman strength inspired by a complication of all fearful passions, terror, hatred, pity, (for I could not choose but pity so beautiful a creature,) resolution, despair—all that makes tumultuous unutterable agony. I trampled with all my strength upon her prostrate form, for I felt that I must ; and O, with what joy did I feel in an instant that I was trampling thus, not the sweet shape of a delicate woman, but the hard, round body of the infernal snake ! I redoubled my energy ; the reptile was dying ; I shouted and leaped again and again upon the body, until I found—that I was in danger of kicking off the round foot-piece of my bedstead, and alarming the inhabitants of my boarding-house with my unearthly noises. Then for the first time I perceived with joy that I had been dreaming.

The incidents and imagery of the dream had obviously been supplied by the occurrences of the previous evening ; but where the deep emotion

came from, which, it may be, saved me from dying in my sleep, and whether or not there is any lady in existence whose affections could nerve your friend's resolution against the worst

apparitions of darkness and indigestion, you will not, I am sure, deem it polite to hold him to a confession.

Yours truly,

Q.

אָזְמֹר לְחִזְדָּח  
הַרְיָעִי לֵיהֶנֶּה כָּל־הָאָרֶץ:  
עֲבָדוּ אֶת־יְהֹוָה בְּשָׂמְחָה  
בַּפָּאָל לְפָנָיו בְּרִכְנָה:  
דַּעַל כִּי־יְהֹוָה הוּא אֱלֹהִים  
הַוּא עֲטָנָה וְלֹא אָנָּחָנָה  
עַמּוֹ וְצָאן מְרַעִיתָה:  
בָּאֵי שְׁעָרָיו וּבְחִזְדָּחָה  
חַצְרָתוֹ בְּתַהְלָה  
הַזְּדָחָה לֹא בְּרָכוּ שְׁמוֹ:  
פִּירְטָבוֹ יְהֹוָה לְעוֹלָם חִסְךָ  
וְעַד־לָרְדָר נֹרֶר אִמְנוֹנָה:

### A PSALM OF PRAISE.

From the Hebrew of David.

BY CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

MAKE Music to the Lord, ye lands,  
Serve him with gladness and singing,  
Know ye that the Lord is God,  
He alone hath given us being.  
We are his people, the sheep of his pasture,  
Enter his gates with thanksgiving,  
Enter his courts with praise.  
Be thankful—bless His name;  
The Lord is good—his mercy eternal,  
And his truth lasteth to all generations.



## STRAGGLING EXTRACTS, From a Journal kept in Switzerland.

BY MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

MONDAY morning, June 1st, 1840. We left Lau-sanne this morning, and ascending the high hill on the route to Berne by voiturier's pace, we had time for many a loving, lingering look at Lake Leman, no longer the "clear, placid Leman" of our dreams, of poetry, of Rousseau and Byron; but enriched with the best realities of life. The friendship of the wise and good has made its bor-ders a home to us—has consecrated it, so that it is no longer strange and foreign, but a part of the "holy land" of the heart; where that Temple stands which binds what is most precious on earth to that which is most ardently hoped for in heaven. A farewell seemed sent back to us from the lovely water. Shall I ever forget these last looks of the

Lake? the rocks of Meillerie? the Pain de Sucre? the Dent du Midi? I went within the walls of the cemetery on the declivity of the hill, to visit John Kemble's grave. A gentleman was stand-ing beside it. In my haste, (the carriage was awaiting me,) I did not at first notice him. As I turned to pluck a leaf from the cedar which over-hung the spot, my eye met his; and with unusual frankness, (he was obviously an Englishman,) he said, courteously touching his hat: "We owe this homage to our countryman, and I am glad to see it rendered."

"The name is a great one," I replied, without thinking it necessary to vitiate my homage in his eyes, by saying that I was an American? or to

tell him that the Kemble name had a more potent charm for me than that with which genius had prodigiously endowed it.\*

When I returned to the carriage, my companions eagerly asked me if I had observed the gentleman, who from the distance at which they had seen him, struck them as having an air of unusual elegance.—“Yes, I had observed and spoken with him.”

\* \* \* \* \*, who never fails to express her thorough prejudice, then said:—“He is not an Englishman.”

“Yes, he is English, and a military man.”

“Ah! then he has been over the world, and perhaps in America, and learned something of manners and humanities!”

“With the latter,” I said, “I fancied heaven had endowed him, for he had a very charming face.”

Both \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* wished they had gone with me; a charming human countenance would be a pleasant variety from the only face they had seen to admire for a long while—the face of the country.

At the little village where we stopped to lunch, we went to the parish church to see Queen Bertha’s tomb, and her worm-eaten saddle.

Her remains were found in a subterranean part of the same church, and re-interred with an inscription, setting forth this Burgundian lady as an endower of monasteries, a constructor of roads, and a protector of the poor. She was a princess *comme il y en a peu* at present, in more than the doing of these magnificent acts, as appears from her saddle, on which she rode astride, with her bust above an iron ring that encircled her; and she spun as she rode—“not like you romantic girls,” as I said to my companions, “warp and woof of poetry and romance, but veritable thread of flax!”

#### FREYBURG.

Glad were we again to hail the picturesque gate of this old town. We left the carriage and walked in. The bourgeoisie were sitting around the old linden tree; a still strong and fresh memorial of enthusiastic patriotism. After the celebrated battle of Morat,

“Morat and Marathon, twin names shall stand,” where a few Swiss gained a brilliant victory over a large Burgundian force, a young soldier of Freyburg, one of the “unbought champions,” left the patriot victors, and with a branch of a linden-

\* Campbell says, in his valedictory address to John Kemble:—

His was the spell o’er hearts,  
Which only acting lends;  
The youngest of the sister arts,  
Where all their beauty blends.

tree in his hand, he ran all the way to his native city, which he entered, crying, “Victory!” and sunk down dead from exhaustion. The linden-branch was planted on the spot. The tree flourished; and now there are tongues in its massive trunk and luxuriant branches, which are tenderly supported on a species of scaffolding.

We rose early, and went on to the terrace of the *Zeringer Hoff*, which hangs over the deep abyss, worn by the Sarine; from here you see the beautiful suspension-bridge, which spans the gulf some hundreds of feet above the Sarine’s bed, and the little thread of a foot-bridge higher up in the gorge. It looked so very wiry and sharp in the misty distance, so faintly traced on the sky, that a faithful follower of the Prophet might have taken it for a vision of that bridge which carries few safe over. The great tower of the cathedral, and the towers on the declivities of the hills, look as they did in the dreary days of last autumn; but now it is summer, and there is beauty and gladness everywhere; in the little gardens niched on the hill-side; in the laburnums and roses almost dipping in the water: they are smiles of immortal youth about images of age and decay. As we re-entered the hotel, I met the stranger of the cemetery. My companions passed on; but I took the privilege of my age, and in reply to a courteous recognition, spoke to him of our mutual experience during the past day’s travel. He, too, had stopped to see Queen Bertha’s riding equipment; that being one of the regular way-side lions. He spoke of the spindle; he liked that symbol of her sex’s destiny. It might be well for princesses to enlarge their horizon; it might even be necessary; but for women in private life, he liked a literal adherence to the domestic life for which they were made.

“If they were made for that alone,” I ventured to say.

“Perhaps,” he said “you would admit apostolic authority; and St. Paul, I believe, is of my opinion.”

“There is a wide scope in St. Paul’s writings,” I replied, “and I thought he was of too generous a spirit to hold all women within one narrow pen of household duties.”

A second summons to breakfast, broke off the speculation upon which we had rather awkwardly fallen. When I reported it to my companions, \* \* \* \* said, it was just like an Englishman—if he spoke at all, to say something disagreeable—no wonder that Madame de Staél said an Englishman had two left hands;—who but an Anglo-Saxon would have pounced upon such a topic to a party of ladies?

The road from Freyburg to Berne lies through a country much like the richest and most beautiful

parts of our own Berkshire—Berkshire without the Alps—Hamlet, the character of Hamlet omitted. The hills, even, have a loftier station than ours; and instead of our shabby fences, wherever there are divisions there are hedges.

Their cottages are the prettiest of all rural architecture, with their projecting roofs and galleries. Their farming utensils, ladders, rakes, etc., hanging under their shadow; the neat piles of wood husbanded under the same shelter; and the bee-hives close under the windows—a fitting emblem of this intelligent and producing people. The rosy, stout Bernese dames, and their chubby children, both in their prettiest of all costumes, give to the landscape a living beauty. The cheerful rural life here is a contrast to Italy, where there seems to be no rural habitancy. There, for the most part, the dwellings of the working-people are crowded into narrow, stifling lanes; the few straggling habitations in the open country look like jails with their iron croisées. In the canton of Berne, I am often reminded of my own country;—if not an equality of condition, there are no contrasts—no frightful distances between man and man. There is a general diffusion of comfort—no grand seigneurs—no beggars. The cultivation and products, too, remind me of home. The grasses, the beautiful turf, the apples, cherries, willows, limes, (the finest I have ever seen,) and the elms. The gardens resemble our gardens at this season—the same dominance of utility and small tribute to beauty—a narrow hem of peonies, seringas, moss-pinks and yellow-lilies, round ample beds of lettuces, beets, etc.

We entered Berne at noon on market day, which occurs every Tuesday, and the concourse is greatest on the first Tuesday of the month; so we are fortunate in our day. The streets are crowded; the people are selling and bartering every species of movable property, from fat cattle, horses, etc., to light domestic manufactures, which the women carry about; some on wooden frames, while others have tapes, cords and chains tucked into their apron-strings. There is a sprinkling of fresh, pretty little peasant girls, with natural flowers, curiously woven together, for sale. We jostled our way through the crowded streets; heeding everything, but quite unheeded ourselves: not quite; for again we met the English traveller, and exchanged salutations. The peasants are better dressed than I have ever seen any rural population. Their clothes are of strong materials and enduring colors; and the white chemise-sleeves and waist, purely white, give to the whole appearance the paramount charm of cleanliness. We are at the Faucon, excelling among the excellent Swiss inns. My English friend (friend! but acquaintance ripens apace in these foreign lands,) sat next to me; and on \* \* \* \* \* saying, that of all working women in the world, she would rather be a Bernese peasant, he said to me in a low voice, that the fly-cap would not be unbecoming to the young lady, with her light form and spiritual eye; but he thought it a grotesque appendage to fat old women, or solid young matrons:—they certainly are a most unaerial people.

## THUN.

Here we are at the Bellevue—an inn in the midst of a garden tastefully laid out, and embellished with flowering shrubs. The river Aar is running away below us as if the Lake of Thun, of which it is the outlet, had been its prison. The little town of Thun is on our right, with chateau, church, and towers crowning the hill it covers; behind us is a precipitous green hill with a walk half way up to heaven, where a summer-house is pitched to look out over this beautiful scenery, which seems like some exquisite picture become, by miracle, a reality. There is the lake, stretching for fifteen miles at the feet of these giant hills; and for mountains, the Stockhorn, the Neisen, and the Blumlis, whose eternal snows, cut into sharp angles, give the most startling effects of light and shadow—their existence here is blessing enough.

It is strange to see summer and winter side by side—inflexible winter, with the richest blossoming of summer. Man seems to live contentedly here on the patrimony God has given him—there is no commerce, no manufactures. The parent divides his agricultural property equally among his children; and from the very comfortable aspect of their homes, there would seem to be enough for their moderate wants. The valleys are thick set with corn, and the uplands devoted to pasture. The wood-lands belong to the commune, and the division is made by proper officers. The warmest slopes are covered with vines; and wine is so cheap, that each person has a bottle at dinner without an extra charge.

## LAUTERBRUNNEN.

As we came into the little green steamer that was to carry us over the lake this morning, I again met our English traveller; and we shook hands as if we were old friends. He did not see fit to communicate his name, but he had entertained ours on the register of the Faucon, and he soon began talking of New-York, where he had once been, and of Dr. H——'s and Mr. H——'s families, whose hospitable doors are always open to foreigners of any pretension. Even \* \* \* \* \*, with her cherished aversion to all Englishmen, admits that he is very pleasing—or, as she words it, very *un-English*. He has a shade of sadness over his fine face, that only passes for a moment

when he is in very animated conversation. It is thrown there, I feel sure, from some settled sorrow. I told him he had lost a great deal by not arriving earlier at Thun. He said, civilly, that he was aware he was a loser, inasmuch as he had lost our society; but as to Thun, he was familiar with it—he had passed the happiest days of his life there, and he did not care to go there again. "And there," he added, as we were passing a lovely villa which had once been a convent of the Chartreux, "there I lived one beautiful summer." Some painful recollection smote him—he turned suddenly from me and paced up and down the deck: and then, as if determined to master his sensations, he returned to my side, and directed my eye to the cascades leaping down the precipices, and then the beetling rock over the cave of St. Beatus, which he said he had once visited. "We penetrated several hundred feet," he said, "and found some relics of human habitancy, but no traces of the dragon whom the saint is said to have ejected from his holy habitation. I wonder if it is only by living the life of a hermit that one can master a dragon?" He spoke in a tone so deep and expressive, that I involuntarily looked at him as if he were betraying a monomania.

I think he perceived the impression he had made: for, resuming his usual manner, he directed my attention to a straggling village far above St. Beatus' cave, whose only access is a winding footpath.

"A rugged, difficult ascent," I said.

"No, not very difficult," he replied, "to youth and enterprise. I once made it with a young woman about the age, I imagine, of your young friends."

"An Englishwoman?" I spoke involuntarily, for I have seen too many English to put a pre-meditated question.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, "Swiss. We passed a week at the house of the pastor—an Oberlin—who so kindly led his flock in this stern and scanty pasture, that I learned from him to look with contempt upon the egotism of the old anchorite of the cave."

With the enchantment of the scenery, and the interest of my new friend, the moments flew, and I left the steamer with regret for the carriage that our courier procured us at New-Haus. There was one vacant seat in the carriage; and knowing that my acquaintance was bound for this place, I asked him to occupy it, feeling it to be but a common way-side humanity. At first he accepted it cordially; but then some difficulty about arranging his baggage occurring, (for an Englishman can do nothing *extempore*,) he declined, and we drove off; my young women exclaiming, "How could you?" "What on earth will he think of us—he an Englishman?" &c.

&c. To all which I replied by asserting a calm confidence in our own dignity, and my assurance of that degree of education and refinement in my acquaintance, that it could not be compromised by a two hours' drive with him.

I then excited their curiosity by items of his conversation which they had not heard, and by interpolating a few sighs, and even a tear which I was secretly sure he had repressed, I gave sufficient ground for their imagination to expatiate on. \*\*\*\* was sure 'he had a story, God bless him!'—and that was some comfort; and, after awhile, we talked ourselves into an egotistic half-belief that he had followed us up into these high temples. \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* of course reverently imputed to me the attraction: but I very well knew an elderly lady was a trifling make-weight when there were two charming young ones in the scale. However, as it fell out, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of our reciprocal concessions.

As we wound up the green valley towards Lauterbrunnen, we passed the castle of Unsprungen. It is an old ruined tower, with a flanking turret, which has a pretty tradition attached to it of feud and love, the sealing of castle-walls, and carrying off of an only daughter, and, after years of bloody strife, a reconciliation by means of the child-robber appearing within the castle-wall, and presenting his young boy to the old father. The ruin, however, derives its chief interest from it being the locale of Byron's Manfred—a fitting *genius loci* in face of the magnificent Jungfrau. The valley narrowed as we advanced along the margin of the wild Lutschine, rather a torrent than a stream. The grandeur of this valley surpasses anything we have yet seen. The valley itself is 2450 feet above the level of the sea. The height of the walls of rock that enclose it I do not know; but, towering above all the rest, is the Jungfrau, 14,000 feet high. Valley this can scarcely be called—there is a little life-giving earth at the base of these everlasting rocks. Its name, Lauterbrunnen, signifies "nothing but fountains"—and more than a hundred streams, leaping over the rocks, or trickling down them, may be counted from our inn-window—the Staubbach, (literally dust-fall,) the most beautiful among them. Byron has so accurately described it, that, in spite of it having become a hack quotation of the guide-books, I again transcribe it:

"It is not noon. The sunbow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the sunny hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along;  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse."

After all, as Byron concludes in his still better prose description, it is "something wonderful and indescribable."

The weather is misty this afternoon; and Héry, a charming Swiss guide, (for whom, for our journey through the Oberland, we have exchanged our Italian Gil Blas courier,) advises deferring the passage of the Wengern Alp till tomorrow; so we have been walking up this wondrous valley. 'Dust-fall' is a wretched name for the Staubbach, unless there be diamond dust. The height is so immense whence it falls, that it is broken into the smallest drops before it reaches the ground. Each little fall has an individual life and charm: \* \* \* \* \*'s quick fancy saw in them the types of the most lovely classic impersonations: "Cupid and the Dolphin," the "flying Mercury," &c., and it was just as she was expressing, with rather a Delphic obscurity, her idea, that we were joined by our English friend. He seemed much amused with what he called the *extravagance* of her imagination. But the light of his reason was in vain offered to its shadowy region. She 'saw forms he could not see, and there was the end on't.'

As we were crossing a bright meadow to look at the Lutschine where it issues from the great glacier of the Jungfrau, our curiosity led us to ask admittance into a wretched little Swiss cottage, that we might see its interior. On the table were lying a large Bible and a hymn-book. I opened their clasps, and found paper and type worthy a noble's library. 'Heir-looms are these,' I thought; and said to Héry, "Such books are rare, I fancy, in your country." "I beg your pardon," he replied; "almost every dwelling has them."

These poor people are right: these are the records of their birth-right—the charters of their freedom—the title-deeds of their inheritance—and they should be written in fair type, and kept with reverent hands.

I observed the woman who opened the door to us, give a sort of reconnoitring glance at our English friend—and then make an exclamation. She said something, to which he replied with few words and manifest emotion. \* \* \* \* \*, who begins to partake my interest in the stranger, asked Héry if he heard the words: "Partly," he said; "the woman said, 'You are the same gentleman who was here seven years ago, with the lady with eyes never to be forgotten?'" 'Yes.' 'She is dead, then? God's love be with her!' 'No.' 'No! and you parted? I thought death only could have parted you!'" He turned abruptly away, and it was a quarter of an hour before he rejoined us. I showed him a bunch of very beautiful *forget-me-nots* I had just gathered, glitter-

ing with rain-drops. He took out a pocket-book, and, opening a paper very elaborately folded, showed me a little knot of the same flowers, dried and faded, but the lovely blue still distinct among the pale green leaves. "They were picked here," he said, "seven years since. Could one have dreamed that these frail things would outlast a love that should have been eternal?" And then, as if he had involuntarily betrayed himself, he hurried them back into his pocket-book, and did not rejoin me till after we came back to the inn—where we are now, awaiting our tea, and speculating upon the few threads we have extricated from the tangled skein of this new acquaintance.

One additional word, and I have done writing journal for this day.

Enter Héry with a card; \* \* \* \* \* seizes it and reads—"Lieutenant-colonel"—yes, it is 'Lieutenant-colonel G—,' printed; and then in pencil—"begs to be permitted to take his tea with Miss S—."

I have sent a cordial reply, while my young ladies are discussing the card.

"G—," says \* \* \* \* \*, "is not that the family name of the Earl of —?"

"Yes; but you know you do not regard earls."

"No; but one may respect an earl's younger brother, who has attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel before he is thirty."

"Perhaps, the earl bought the commission for him," I suggested.

"No! no! I do not believe it: he looks as if he had earned it."

I am pleased to find, that my prepossessions are gaining confirmation.

This has been an agitated, eventful evening. How far were we from anticipating the result of our detention at this inn! If we never see the passage of the Wengern Alp, we shall be consoled. The lieutenant-colonel came to our tea-table, which much resembled our own liberal evening meal at home. After we were seated round the table, our pretty buxom waiter brought in a half-foot square of honey-comb, from whose full cells the packed honey was oozing. This delicious *preserve* is a staple commodity of a Swiss table; and I have not yet seen a charge made for it—a proof of its abundance. The colonel seemed a little embarrassed at first coming among us, but was quite at his ease after taking an opportunity to say to me in a low voice, that I must have thought it very odd of him to make the communication he did to me—one hardly knew how it was—certainly, there were moments when one was hardly master of one's-self—when accumulated feeling—

suffering, perhaps—at a look of sympathy, burst all barriers ;—he hoped I would forget it.

The conversation then took a general turn. Colonel G——, as well as ourselves, had visited Italy ; and the discussion between him and \* \* \* \* \*, on various works of art, (her opinions are always her own, and not derived from any authority or reputation,) was animated. On many points they agreed ; on some widely differed ; but agreeing or not, every subject was converted to enjoyment by intelligence and sympathy. It is curious to see, how rapidly acquaintance ripens with people of congenial spirit who meet as travellers far from their home. All barriers are thrown down—all conventionalities forgotten ; and we become almost as wise as little children in this matter.

The evening was wearing away : it was nearly ten o'clock, when our landlady burst into the room, and addressing Colonel G——, said : " If you are a doctor, as they tell me, for the love of God, follow me ! "

" I am no doctor," replied the colonel ; " but what is the matter ? "

" Oh ! there is a mother and her only child ; and the child dying ; and the mother going out of her senses ! "

" Is there no doctor nor medicine in your village ? "

" Not a dust of it. The doctor is at Interlaken, and the key turned on the medicine."

" I am no physician," said the colonel, turning to me ; " but my profession has made it my duty often to look after the sick ; and I never travel without a small medicine-chest. If you will be kind enough to ascertain if I can be of any service, I shall be most happy."

I followed our hostess, who, without any ceremony, conducted me up stairs and into the distressed mother's room. Ceremony would, indeed, have been out of place. There, writhing on a bed, lay a little girl of five or six ; she was not in convulsions : they would have mercifully relieved her consciousness. Never did I witness more mortal agony. The mother was wringing her hands, kissing the child, rubbing her ; and exclaiming, " My God ! my God ! can no help be found ? "

I ordered a hot bath and fomentations ; and begged our hostess to bring the doctor immediately in ; hoping, by giving colonel G—— this title, to give some comfort to the poor mother.

" Oh ! Claire, my child, you will soon be better," she cried ; and then burying her head on the pillow, she sobbed frantically, " my all !—my all ! "

Colonel G—— entered, and instantly became as white as marble. He stood for a moment as if transfixed ; then beckoning to me, he left the room : I followed him.

" These are my wife and child," he said ; " what is to be done ?—what can I do ? "

I believe I was inspired by the exigency of the case, to give prudent counsel.

" Act," I said, " as if they were not your wife and child ; the little girl must be relieved at once, if at all ; her mother is evidently incapable of doing or suggesting anything. You must use all the resources you have ; you must be calm and self-possessed.

" I will—God help me ! I will," he said ; and we both returned to the bed-side of the child. Fortunately, the mother was so completely absorbed, her eye so riveted to the child, that she never once looked at the supposed doctor. He administered a powerful opiate. The warm bath was brought ; and after getting considerable relief from that, we applied the fomentations. All this time Colonel G—— was perfectly calm ; and except from his frightful paleness, and a slight tremulousness that pervaded his frame, one would not have suspected anything unusual. He spoke in a whisper, and only to me. I think it was not more than half an hour, though it seemed much longer, when the remedies began to take effect ; and in a short time, the little girl's limbs became relaxed and quiet ; and a sweet tranquillity was diffused over her beautiful features.

" Oh, dear mamma !" she said, " I am so much better ! I am almost well ! what a good doctor ! "

The mother, now for the first time, lifted her eyes to the good doctor. The blood rushed to her cheek, and then utterly forsook it. She attempted to speak ; but the words died on her lips, and she fainted.

In this exigency, Colonel G—— did, indeed, use all his faculties admirably. The little girl screamed : he first quieted her ; telling her, her mother would be well again directly ; that she had been frightened with her suffering, and she was very tired ; and if she wished to have her well, she must keep quite quiet herself. " This lady," he said, " will stay with you, while I lay your mother on a sofa in the next room ; and give her something that will make her well again very soon."

He took the mother in his arms, and carried her into the adjoining parlor. The little girl, with the ready confidence of childhood, took my hand ; and turning her cheek to it, said : " He is a good doctor ;" and adding twice or thrice drowsily—" poor mamma !—dear mamma ! " The opiate took effect ; and she fell into a sweet sleep.

I soon was informed by the stir in the next room, that the lady had revived. I heard voices softened by tears ; then calmer, more assured tones ; and after a while, Colonel G——came into the room. His face was radiant. He gently, and again and again, kissed his child ; thanked me with a fervor beyond all measure ; saying, that

he was the happiest man living; and that he would explain everything to me in the morning. He asked me if I would pass the night beside the little girl, as his wife was in such a condition of alternate nervous excitement and exhaustion, that he dared not leave her, or permit her to resume her part beside her child.

Of course I am most happy to do him this small service. So having bid the girls good night; and having abstained from exciting their curiosity, and abating their night's sleep, by any allusion to the extraordinary developments in this apartment, I have put on my dressing-gown, and have sat down to my journal to record circumstances that have murdered my sleep for this night. The morning came in its due course; but, alas! no sun, and "no hope of the Wengern Alp!" as I heard Héry say, in reply to the eager enquiries of the young ladies, when he tapped at their door. We have an appointment to keep—we must go down to Grindelwald to day.

"To Grindelwald, by the high-road!" exclaims \* \* \* \* \*; I had rather pass the Wengern Alp blind-fold than not pass it."

"As well blind-fold, Mademoiselle," replies Héry, "as while the Mittag-horn, the Breit-horn and Gross-horn, are all themselves blind-folded with clouds."

"But what has become of the colonel," asked \* \* \* \* \*; and thought I, "Is he so taken up with his patients that he has forgotten us?"

I confess, I was very unwilling to go off, without knowing more of his story; but I did not choose to press on the confidence which he might have reasons for withholding; or at any rate, choose to withhold. He had early sent a message to me, to say, that the mother was much refreshed, and would resume her place by the child.

Our carriage was ordered—was at the door; and nothing from the colonel; and I was just writing him a civil farewell-note, when he rushed into the room, saying, "Is it possible you were going, without giving me an opportunity of thanking you—of speaking to you alone," he added, turning to my companions, "though whatever I have to say to Miss S—, she can at her discretion communicate to you; if you have any interest in the subject."

The girls immediately withdrew; with interest quite enough to justify the communication which I had the pleasure of making to their astonished ears on the way to Grindelwald.

It seems that colonel G—, some seven years ago,—then a very young, and a very impetuous young man, as he says,—was passing a few weeks in Zurich, when he fell distractedly in love with Miss V—. She was the only child of the widow of a rich banker; beautiful and gifted with high qualities of mind and heart; but somewhat perverted and spoiled by the alternate doating and despotism of her mother, 'a fierce old woman' he called her; to whom I might remember his alluding, when he spoke of the dragon ejected by St. Beatus. He married Miss V—; the mother being delighted with the idea of a noble English alliance; and professing to have no concern at his having but a few poor hundreds per annum. She accompanied the new-married pair to England. There she was received by his proud family without any disguise of their estimate of the infinite distance between them. Her coarse passions were provoked. She imparted a degree of her jealousy and resentment to her daughter; and after one year, and before the birth of his child, they separated; and the mother and daughter returned to Switzerland.

"We were both," he said, "the victims of our ignorance of life. We did not understand the true proportions of things—that the less must be sacrificed to the greater. We were both irritable and passionate; totally unfit to manage the most complicated and delicate relation of life—that in which unity and individuality are so marvellously blended, that not a fibre of one can be touched, without jarring and endangering the peaceful existence of the other. We parted, he said; and till yesterday, I never saw my lovely child. I had determined never to claim her;—thank God, I felt a mother's rights too deeply, ever to have thought of separating them. My wife had the expectation of immense wealth; I was poor, and too proud to sue for reconciliation. I have been five years in India, where my wife supposed me still to be. There I have earned some honor; and now, possessing an income suited to my military rank, I came to Switzerland, in the hope of regaining the domestic happiness I so recklessly threw away. I dreaded the mother. I came here to nerve myself, in the scenes where I passed the first week of my then blissful married life. Madame V— died ten days since; and hither my wife,—led by a divine inspiration, I think—came also.—You know the rest."



## THE OLD CHAPEL-BELL:

A Ballad.

(Paraphrased from the German.)

BY JOHN G. SAXE,  
*Author of "Progress," a Satire, etc.*

WITHIN a church-yard's sacred ground,  
Whose fading tablets tell  
Where they who built the village church  
In solemn silence dwell,  
Half-hidden in the earth there lies  
An ancient Chapel-Bell.

Broken, decayed and covered o'er  
With mouldering leaves and rust;  
Its very name and date concealed  
Beneath a cankered crust;  
Forgotten—like its early friends,  
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet was it once a trusty Bell,  
Of most sonorous lung,  
And many a joyous wedding peal,  
And many a knell had rung,  
Ere Time had cracked its brazen sides,  
And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had danced  
In merry Christmas-time,  
To hear its pleasant roundelay,  
Sung out in ringing rhyme;  
And many a worldly thought been checked  
To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy,  
One sultry summer's day,  
Fatigued, at last, with bat and ball,  
Chanced hitherward to stray  
To read a little book he had  
And rest him from his play.

"A soft and shady spot is this"—  
The rosy youngster cried,  
And sat him down, beneath a tree,  
That ancient Bell beside;  
(But, hidden in the tangled grass,  
The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,  
The letters seemed to stir,  
And though, full oft, his flagging sight  
The boy essayed to spur,  
The mazy page was quickly lost  
Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at this,  
And wondered how it came,  
He felt a languor creeping o'er  
His young and weary frame,  
And heard a voice, a gentle voice  
That plainly spoke his name

That gentle voice that named his name,  
Entranced him like a spell,  
Upon his ear, so very near  
And suddenly it fell ;  
Yet soft and musical, as 't were  
The whisper of a bell.

"Since last I spoke," the voice began—  
"Seems many a dreary year !  
(Albeit, 't is only since thy birth  
I've lain neglected here)—  
Pray list, while I rehearse a tale  
Behooves thee much to hear."

"Once, from yon ivied tower, I watched  
The villagers around,  
And gave to all their joys and griefs  
A sympathetic sound—  
(But most are sleeping now within  
This consecrated ground.)

"I used to ring my merriest peal  
To hail the blushing bride ;  
I sadly tolled for men cut down  
In strength and manly pride ;  
And solemnly—not mournfully—  
When little children died.

"But, chief, my duty was to bid  
The villagers repair,  
On each returning Sabbath morn,  
Unto the House of Prayer,  
And in his own appointed place,  
The Saviour's mercy share.

"Ah ! well I mind me of a child—  
A gleesome, happy maid  
Who came, with constant step, to church,

In comely garb arrayed,  
And knelt her down full solemnly,  
And penitently prayed.

"And oft, when church was done, I marked  
That little maiden near  
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,  
As you are sitting here—  
She read the Story of the Cross,  
And wept with grief sincere !—

"Years rolled away,—and I beheld  
The child to woman grown ;  
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye  
With brighter lustre shone ;  
But childhood's truth and innocence  
Were still the maiden's own."

"I never rang a merrier chime  
Than when, a joyous bride,  
She stood beneath the sacred porch,  
A noble youth beside,  
And plighted him her maiden troth,  
In maiden love and pride.

"I never tolled a deeper knell,  
Than when, in after years,  
They laid her in the church-yard here,  
Where this low mound appears—  
(The very grave, my boy, that you  
Are watering now with tears !)

"*It is thy Mother !* gentle boy,  
That claims this tale of mine—  
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth  
Destroyed the parent-vine !—  
A precious flower art thou, my child,—  
**TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR THINE !**

"One was thy sainted mother's, when  
She gave thee mortal birth ;  
And one thy Saviour's, when, in death,  
He shook the solid earth ;—  
Go ! boy, and live as may befit  
Thy life's exceeding worth !"

The boy awoke, as from a dream,  
And, thoughtful, looked around,  
But nothing saw, save at his feet,  
His mother's lowly mound,  
And, by its side that ancient Bell  
Half hidden in the ground !

## MRS. FARWELL, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BY A STRANGER.

SOME women, at the head of nurseries of manly sons and lovely daughters, lay the world under deep obligations. Some write glorious books, that, beside their own intrinsic worth, are, to the sex unrepresented, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a tower of defence. Without being seen, the good, great woman again and again arrests the meditated degradation, suspends the cruel blow. The increasing band of women who manifest what has been so profoundly hidden, the misunderstood powers of their sex, serve in need their obscure and helpless sisters, like a standing army, peacefully stationed between danger and weakness. One of the honored group, little known to fame, yet among the most munificent literary donors the country has produced, died not long since. No sweet domestic fountain sprung up by her bare hearth. She was no child of the muses. Born poor, first known as the mistress of a cook-shop, afterwards a milliner and shop-keeper, she accumulated by her skill and industry a considerable fortune. It was not employed in supplying the wants of common ambition; to procure ease, show, or luxury; she built no fine house, did not fare sumptuously every day, arrayed herself in no rich, gaudy, *recherché* attire. No bestower of common alms that perish in the

using—she founded a college! She opened a fountain by the way-side, whose water, (for this belongs to the living water that feeds the soul,) poured into other receivers, retains its old properties. It is like the miraculous wine in the goblet of the hospitable pair, in classic story, which

“*quoties haustum cratera repleri,  
Sponte sua per seque vident succrescere.*”

Who that saw behind the counter this pale, delicate, gentle-mannered woman, could imagine she contemplated for her labors this high destiny; that the small per centage on every yard of ribbon and cup and bowl, had so ennobling an appropriation? Sure the square, lank, dingy yard-stick, in her gracious hand, became the rose-hued, blossoming rod of Aaron. What a balsam was such a purpose for the weary feet—the daily-tried encounter with the narrow, undecided, capricious customer! What a spell must it have cast over the unvarying aspect of the dull warehouse! Three quarters of the acquisitions of this noble woman were bestowed in this way, and she died in the possession of only a fourth of her life-long gains—fifteen thousand dollars. This was bequeathed to the same object, making the amount of her donation sixty thousand dollars!

## F R E E D O M .

BY R. S. STODDARD.

METHOUGHT I saw along the sounding shore  
The Genius of America; she stood  
Like Pallas with her *Aegis*, looking o'er,  
Stern-eyed and vigilant, the briny flood  
That broke and sprayed her sandals. “Ho!” she cried  
With voice of mighty volume, deep and loud,  
Like pent-up thunder speaking from a cloud:

“Ye abject nations on the other side,  
Groaning beneath the fetters of my foe—  
Old Tyranny, if in your hearts a glow  
Of light, a lingering spark of Liberty,  
Glaumer amid the azhes, faint and low,  
Come o'er the deep; assert your rights and be,  
In this my chosen seat, what God designed ye, Free!”

## THE VALE OF OVOC A.

BY THE REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

Do you remember an article of Jeffrey's in the Edinburgh Review, in which he tries to show that beauty resides in the mind, and not in the object ; that the charm of anything which we call beautiful comes from association, and not from any inherent quality of shape or color ? I have often felt the truth of this, while travelling in Great Britain. Towns, buildings, landscapes, owe their chief attraction to associations of poetry and history. When I visit an old castle, or abbey, it is not the crumbling ruin, the moss or the vine, which awakens an interest so sad and tender. But it is the memories which haunt the shattered tower—the voices of the dead which moan through the broken arches, and whisper in the trembling ivy. Several weeks since, while standing on the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, I saw at a distance a white church-spire, almost smothered among the trees. A pleasant sight, truly ; but how much more so, when I was told that it was the "ivy mantled tower" of the church-yard which inspired the Elegy of Gray ; and under the shadow of which the poet sleeps. It is this which gives unsading beauty to the landscapes of England—something added to nature—a coloring reflected from mind—

"The light that never was on sea or shore,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

I have just made an excursion into the county of Wicklow, which is, next to the Lakes of Killarney, the boast of Irish scenery. It is, indeed, beautiful ; but the poetry of Moore has thrown over it a charm which the mountains and vales do not wear.

The character of the scenery is a mingling of wildness and beauty. You ride for miles over a high mountain moor ; and then drop suddenly into a little glen, "so secret and sylvan, that it might be the haunt of the roe."

My first visit was to the Dargle, a deep and narrow glen, twelve miles from Dublin. The steep and thickly-wooded sides envelop the place in deep shadow, while the murmur of waters, that steals soothingly on the ear, helps to make it a dell of seclusion and peace.

Emerging from this deep wood, I passed the

residence of the celebrated Irish orator, Grattan ; and rode on ten miles farther to Roundwood, a little village in a lonely mountain district. Here Walter Scott once passed a night at the inn at which I slept, while exploring the scenery of this region. The landlord remembered little of him, except that he was lame. In the spot itself there is nothing to attract a stranger ; but it was Saturday night, and here I stopped to pass the following day.

A Sabbath in the country is to me always a day of rest—the day of God ! The cessation of all business—the sacred stillness—add even to the loveliness of nature, and calm the feverish mind.

To the poor, such a day is above price. I could not but think, as I saw the Irish peasantry flocking over the hills to church, that this was the greatest enjoyment they had. The peasantry of this neighborhood are miserably poor. Their little huts are so low, that they seem hardly to rise out of the ground ; a sight not the less painful to me, that once in a day's ride I pass a princely mansion, with an estate or deer park extending for miles.

But on Sunday the poor cease from labor. They hear not the taskmaster's voice. They are cleanly dressed. They meet with their neighbors in the village church ; and they learn to respect themselves. Then they can sit with their children and hear not the tone of angry command. They can walk in the green fields and enjoy the light and the air which God has made for all. Such a day of rest, I believe, does more than any other single influence, to refine their coarse natures—to draw out what is good in them, and to make them happy.

I walked out of the village to a little lake, called Lough Dan, which lies between two bleak mountains. All about it is desolate ; but the lake lies placid below, like innocence sleeping in the midst of savage natures.

The next morning I was up with the lark. For pure luxury in travelling, there is nothing like a man's feet. The sun was not yet risen ; and the mist lay low in the vales, when I started for Glendalough, or the Glen of the Two Lakes. But I was full of spirits, and set forward ; walking

over the hills with a light heart, singing and shouting as I went. The peasants were just turning out to their day's labor. They seemed pleased to see me up so early, and saluted me kindly as I passed.

As I entered the little vale of Glendalough, a nimble Irishman ran after me, who advertised himself as the guide that was accustomed to show the sights of the place "to the quality" from Dublin. So I took him into service; and was amused to hear him rattle on with his marvellous tales. A few years back, some persons, with a taste for botany, resorted to these hills for plants. "The wise gentlemen and ladies," he said, "used to come there bottomizing." He assured me, that no skylarks had been seen over the lakes for thirteen hundred years.

This little sequestered valley was once the seat of learning and piety. Here, in the ancient days of Ireland, stood a monastery, the ruins of which still remain, and give to the rude village the name of the Seven Churches.

In the centre of the Vale stands a lofty round tower, the age and object of which are a puzzle to antiquarians. There are many of these in Ireland; but whether built by the Druids or early Christians; and whether for purposes of religion or defence, nobody knows. One conjecture is, that they were erected by a race of fire-worshippers in the early history of the Island, who, from the summit of these columns, paid their orisons to the rising sun.

In the valley of Glendalough—as its name signifies—are two small lakes or pools. With one of these is connected a legend of St. Kevin, referred to in Moore's exquisite melody,

"By that lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er."

To this the guide conducted me; and here I took a boat and was rowed across to the Bed of St. Kevin, a hole in the cliff which overhangs the dark water. From the Lake there is a remarkable echo; and several times the ear was suspended to hear our voices ring among the rocks. Then stepping on shore, I clambered up the cliff, and crept into the hermit's cell. Here I saw on the rock, the name of Walter Scott. A soldier's wife, who runs about the glen to show the spot, and pick up a few shillings from visitors, had her story to tell, how she helped Sir Walter up the rocks with her own hands. She said, "He was a great, big, round-shouldered man; and he wore a round cap, and his hair was almost all white."

The Bed of St. Kevin is famous from its connection with a noted character of modern times—a kind of Rob Roy, who was the terror of the country at the beginning of this century. After the Rebellion of 1798 was suppressed, one Michael

Dwyer still kept up a resistance to the English government. At the head of a body of his countrymen, hiding in the fastnesses of the mountains, he maintained for years the unequal contest. But at length his prospect grew dark, as many of his friends had fallen. At this time, a melancholy and religious feeling, such as sometimes visits the sternest natures, led him to the sacred Vale of Glendalough. Here he was one day discovered by the troops which were constantly in search of him. He was lying in the Bed of St. Kevin. Instantly, they rained their bullets like hail against the rock. The outlaw fell into the Lake; and the soldiers rushed forward to secure their prize. But he was not dead; and as they made a circuit round the water to reach his body, he glided across it like a bird to the opposite shore, and made a rapid and safe retreat. He finally gave himself up to the Government, on condition that his life should be spared; and being exiled, went to America.

From Glendalough, I walked to this valley, celebrated by Moore in the lines,

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

The approach to it is very beautiful; the road for several miles being shaded with beech-trees, which afford refreshing coolness to the traveller as he winds down to the Meeting of the Waters. The scene is here a deep, narrow valley; the hills on either side thickly wooded to the top; and in the bottom two mountain-streams joining to form the Ovoca, a clear river, running over a white-pebbled bed. A lovely valley it is; but, after all, the principal charm is in its poetical associations. Moore himself confesses that there was something which added'd a beauty to nature:

"Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:  
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—  
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still.  
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

With this addition, I could, perhaps, join in his closing lines:

"Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should  
cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

As the charm of British scenery is chiefly association, I love to think what interest will our own land possess, when every wild-wood and

mountain-stream shall have its poet ! Nature is on a grander scale in America than in England. The mountains of Wales, wild and grand as they are, are not to be compared with the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I have seen no landscape here more beautiful than the view of the Valley of the Connecticut from Mount Holyoke. No day's ride has presented to me more rich and beautiful scenes than a ride through my own loved Berkshire. The ponds that lie on those mountains would here be called lakes, and set poets in a frenzy ; and, perhaps, attract pilgrims from across the Atlantic, who despised their own

sparkling waters. What then, will America be to the future traveller, when our vales shall be hallowed by the footsteps of genius ; when pastoral melodies shall make more lovely every rural scene ; and the laborer shall go to his toil singing the songs of his own native hills ?

But it is time for rest. I sleep to-night in this enchanted valley. My room is close by the Ovoca. I see under my window the stars reflected in the stream. The clock from the height of Castle Howard, tolling the hour, sends its sweet tones through the Vale ; and the sound of rushing water soothes me to rest.

## THE DISH OF PORCELAIN.

To M. L. D.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT

WHILE I sing, in wild vagary,  
This quaint dish of porcelain,  
Never fear nor count, my Mary,  
That your gift hath crazed my brain.

Antique dish ! that at the banquet,  
Ere our land her meed had won,  
Graced the board where bold John Hancock  
Feasted glorious Washington.

Thou hast served, oh ! rare old platter !  
Men whose hearts beat firm and true,  
On the anvil of their strong will,  
Forging life's broad course anew.

Thou hast heard the deep revealing  
Of their purpose all divine,  
While they rocked young Freedom's cradle,  
Seated there above the wine.

And the lofty faith that nourished  
Hope's strong sinews, while they told,  
Nerved them like the lion's marrow  
That Achilles fed of old.

Thou who bear'st a hero's surname,  
To thy dove-like name allied ;  
Hero, that the old Hellenes,  
Had they known, had deified—

Thou, who like a throned lily,  
Wearest thy beauty all apart ;  
High the Patriot's blood of iron  
Wells, my Mary, in thy heart.

In thy dwelling, where the fathers  
Of our country's history,  
Spake the thoughts that sent our watchword  
Thunder-toned, across the sea—

Thou art lingering o'er the records  
That thy soul with pride illumine,  
As the great Greek read old Homer  
At Achilles' glorious tomb—

So you will not wonder, Mary,  
That I wake the lofty strain ;  
While such thrilling memories linger  
Round this Dish of Porcelain.

## Olden Traditions.

### THE QUERXEN, ERDMÄNNCHEN AND FAIRY MEN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

— "Shapeless sights come wandering by—  
The ghastly people of the realm of dream."

*Prometheus Unbound.*



MONG the various small races created by superstition in Germany, corresponding with the English fairies, the QUERXEN are prominent. Pescheck and Büsching, among others, give accounts of them and their kindred races, which, throughout Lusatia, exist in popular belief. They are so called on account of their supposed origin from a spring; and are a tiny people, though endowed with supernatural powers. The inhabitants of the hamlets at the foot of the range of mountains called the Prudelbergs, in Silesia, are well acquainted with them. They have often found provisions, at meal-time, disappearing in an unaccountable manner. The little thieves have an especial fancy for bread; and the peasants resort to different methods to save it from their depredations. For instance: they cannot endure caraway seed; and a small quantity baked in the bread is sure to preserve it. Sometimes, however, presents are made to the intruders, who then show themselves very friendly.

It is said that whole troops of the Querxen will issue at once from a crevice in the mountain, and skip about among the bushes. "If they hear, by chance, of a wedding-feast to be held that day, they will betake themselves to the house, to have a merry time at others' expense. Their

tiny voices may be heard calling to each other, and reminding to take their 'fog-caps' along with them."

A peasant who heard them thus talking while he was at work in a field at the foot of the mountain, cried to the little folk, half in jest, half in earnest, to bring him also a fog-cap. They did so, and permitted him to go in their company to the wedding-supper; on the condition, however, that he should carry nothing away from the table, nor put anything in his pocket, under pain of their displeasure. He was at liberty to eat and drink as much as he would.

The procession of Querxen, accompanied by the peasant, went on to Berzdorf; and as they drew near the hamlet, each put on his fog-cap, and being thus rendered invisible, entered the house where the entertainment was provided.

The unbidden guests took their places at the table, each Querx sitting next to a man, and feasted to their hearts' content. It may well be supposed that the peasant enjoyed the unwonted good cheer. After he had satisfied his appetite, and saw so many dainties remaining, he began to wish he could take something of the abundance before him to his wife and children, who were probably sitting down to their meal of dry bread. Perhaps he had also a lurking wish to convince his incredulous wife that he had really been invisible. In short, he forgot the warning of his little conductors, and filled his pockets to overflowing.

At the same instant the fog-cap was snatched from his head, and he stood revealed before the eyes of the whole company. They all looked astonished to see a stranger among them, especially one so coarsely dressed. Question followed question; the embarrassed peasant knowing not how he should explain his intrusion; till at last he thought it best to confess the truth. He did this with not a little hesitation, from fear of the Querxen; and thought himself fortunate in that he chanced to be sitting between two of the invited wedding guests.

The company were amazed to learn what neighbors they had been supping with ; and some, especially the ladies, were frightened not a little. It was now evident how it came that the viands had disappeared so rapidly.

The peasant, whose narration had explained the mystery, was not only permitted to remain, but invited to the next bridal feast. He accepted the invitation with joy, and came dressed in a suitable manner. The Querxen were present also, though invisible ; as could be perceived by the diminishing of the well-filled dishes as before.

To the credit of the Querxen it must be said, that they did not always show themselves so greedy. In the birth-chamber and at christenings they were particularly gracious, and brought their own provisions, which they ate in the chimney-corner, or under the bed, where they were visible to the young mother, and were always left undisturbed. Sometimes they were so obliging as to offer her something—such as a biscuit—from their table.

The story goes—that a woman who still kept her chamber, one day, while she was alone, heard of a sudden an unusual rustling in the apartment, and saw, not far from the chimney, a small opening in the wall, out of which stepped a little gray figure of a man, who approached her with many gestures of courtesy. He spoke in a fine voice, and begged permission for his company to sup in the chamber.

The mother gave the desired permission ; and presently the whole company came through the opening in the wall. Some of the little men brought tables and chairs ; some, baskets of provisions and wine ; and, at last, came a band of tiny musicians.

The company seated themselves at the table, and feasted while the music played. Then they rose, and were preparing to dance, when suddenly a strange Querxen came into the room, and, striking his hands together above his head with an expression of grief, cried—

"Sorrow—sorrow—for every one !  
Old Mother Pump is dead and gone !"

These words startled the little people like a clap of thunder. They gathered their things together, and quitted the room in great haste.

Only the little gray man, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, remained. He came courteously up to the mistress of the house, and informed her that the sudden death of their ancestress had plunged all his people into great distress. He thanked her for the permission she had given for the use of her apartment ; and presented her, in token of the gratitude of the whole company, with a gold ring, a silver cup, and a piece of waizen-bread.

"These," said the little man, "are of great value : for as long as they remain in the family, prosperity and distinction will attend it. The ring must be worn by the eldest son's wife."

It seemed to the lady that she had just awakened from a dream ; but the three gifts proved the reality of what she had seen. The whole family was assembled to consult how to dispose of them. The cup and the bread were built up in a stone wall ; the ring was placed on the finger of the eldest daughter-in-law. It descended thus through several generations, and the family continued happy and prosperous. She who wore the ring was at last so unfortunate as to lose it, and all search proved in vain. The family were in great trouble, for they feared the anger of the Querxen. A violent storm and lightning soon after shivered the wall, and the other relics were nowhere to be found. After that the fortunes of the family declined.

According to rumor, the Querxen continued in the neighborhood till bells were put up in the hamlets. The noise was too great for their delicate organs of hearing ; and they took their departure. Those who had lived on the mountain, employed a peasant to carry them in wagons to Bohemia, and rewarded him so well, that he was a rich man all his life, and left a goodly inheritance to his children.

The Querxen, when they went away, promised to come again whenever the bells should be taken down.

The tradition of the *Erdmännchen*, a species of elves less gentle than the Querxen, may be illustrated by the following little story :

In the year 1570, or thereabouts, there lived at Allenstein a respectable old man, whose name was Ellendorf, a Silesian by birth. While a widower, he courted and married a woman of noble birth and considerable property, but advanced in life.

One evening, while the maid attended to the cows, the lady was alone in her chamber. Being fatigued, she had thrown herself on the couch by the window.

Ere long she heard the door open, and looking up, saw a troop of little men with pointed hats, each carrying a candle, burning with a bluish light, in his hand. Each of the men led a little woman, elegantly dressed, into the apartment. They formed themselves in the centre, and began to dance.

As the lady observed this curious spectacle, one of the little figures said to her, "Madame, close the window." But the mistress, out of indolence or timidity, did not obey, nor take her eyes from the dancers. A second time the man said, "Close the window," and a third time repeated the order in a more imperative tone. The lady

was still disobedient. The little man then came up, and blew on her eyes. She from that hour was blind.

In Upper Lusatia there exists—according to popular belief—a tiny intelligent race called Féensmännel, or fairy-men. Their dwelling is in the depths of the mountain, on the shore of the Neisse. They are represented as diminutive in figure, and brown in color; active and agile in their movements; and, moreover, industrious and good-natured. They are said to be friendly to the neat housewife who plies the wheel, and often render her service.

One evening, eight damsels, one of them a bride, were spinning together. Many tales were told while the wheels went round, and many cheerful songs were sung. The bride wanted to reel off the thread she had spun; and said, "Ah, if the good fairy-men would be so kind as to present me with some yarn!" She began to reel, and reeled on—the thread seeming to have no end—till she found she had a store of fine and excellent yarn, far more than she had spun.

One of the young men who came in was from Brunswick, and had never heard of these little people. He was very superstitious, and a Sunday child withal; and he lived in the expectation of seeing a spirit, or finding a treasure. He watched the bride as she reeled off her yarn, and asked at length who were the fairy-men.

"The fairy-men are a good little race," answered the mother of the bride, Dame Rosina, "who dwell within the mountain. They give yarn, as you see, to industrious spinners—and if any want money, they do not show themselves niggardly."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Anne, a pretty and spirited damsel; "if you want to be rich, you have only to go, the night before Christmas, to

the fairy-men's mountain, in which there will be an opening at the moment when the priest in the hamlet elevates the host before the altar. You can go in, and return with a hat full of gold coins. If you do this, you may pay court to me."

"I will take you at your word," replied the youth; and if I come to you with the treasure, you shall take me also."

All laughed—Anne among the merriest—and Ulric, the young man, who was yet in earnest. He sighed as he thought the trees were but just in blossom, and it was very long till Christmas.

But time goes on steadily, and the day wished for came at last. In silence and secrecy Ulric went through the deep snow to the fairy-men's mountain. He had not long to wait, before he saw the opening, and entered through the narrow cleft.

In the bosom of the mountain he saw a large round table, surrounded by fairy-men in earth-colored dresses; each had a heap of gold before him, and in the middle of the table lay a larger heap.

Ulric had the courage to speak, and make his wishes known to the little folk. They cried in answer:

" Youth so bold,  
Once take hold,  
And then with haste away!"

Ulric needed no second bidding. He took up two handfuls of the coins, and made all haste out of the mountain.

When he saw his treasure the next morning, he found the coins good rand-ducats, which served for the purchase of a farm. On this he built a house, and married the pretty Anne. Their children's children blessed the good-natured fairy-men.

## SONNET.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

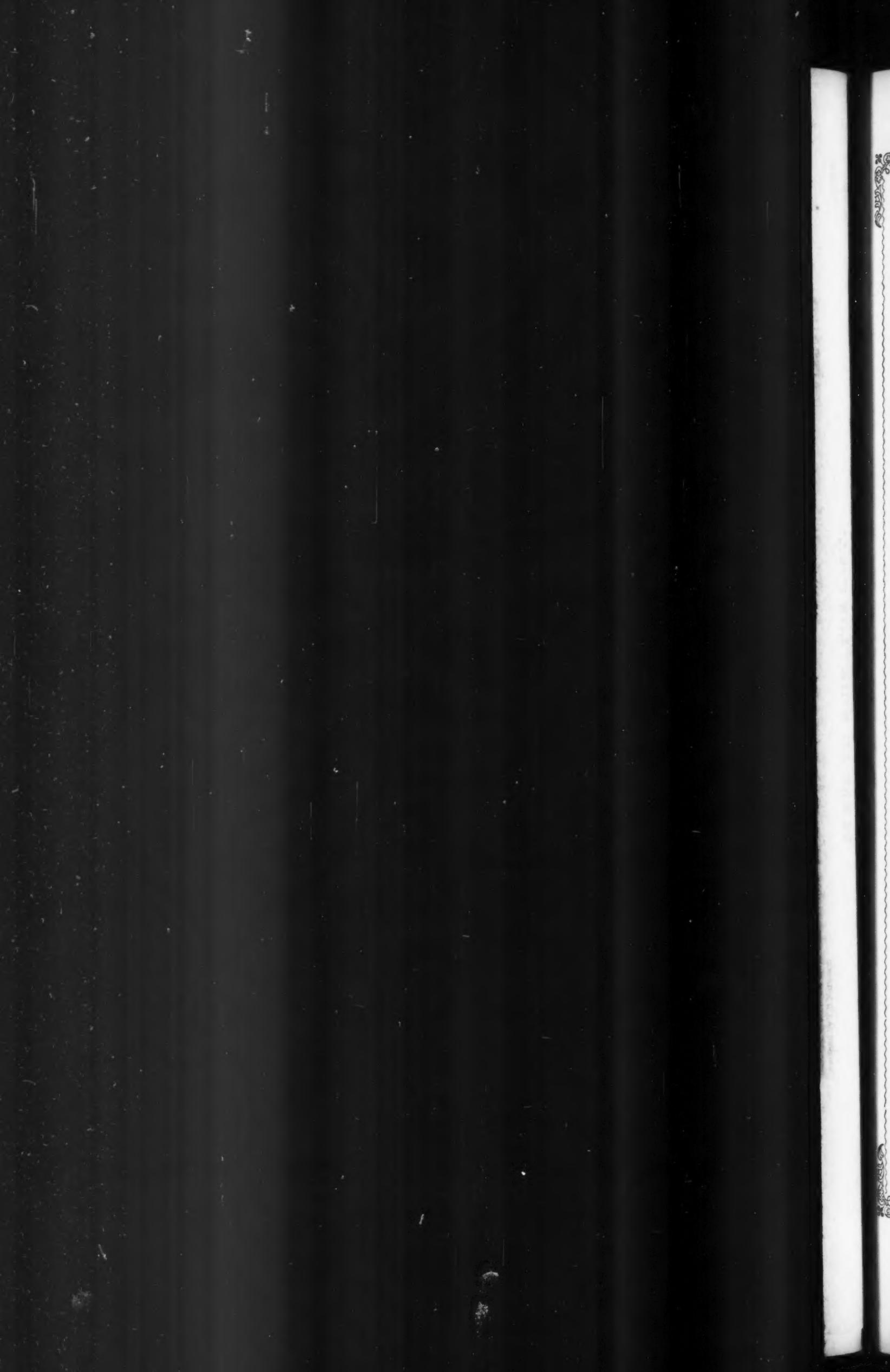
"SELDOM we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,  
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—  
Trash of all trash!—how *can* a lady don it?  
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—  
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff

Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."  
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
The general Petrarchanities are arrant  
Bubbles—ephemeral and *so* transparent—  
But this is, now,—you may depend upon it—  
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint  
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.









## STEPS TO RUIN.—NO. IV.

(See the Engraving.)

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

I do not wonder that Fancy, when unchecked by revelation, has so often represented this world as a vast arena, on which two rival bands of genii, like the gladiators of a former age, are constantly contending for the mastery. I do not wonder that in the mythic poetry of that age, every man is supposed to have attached to him a good demon and an evil one—the former prompting to noble, virtuous deeds, and the latter leading the soul astray; for after all, there never was a scion of superstition engrafted on the dismembered trunk of truth, that had not its origin in truth—some truth or other. It must be so; else that scion would not be homogeneous enough to grow there, and ripen its fruit. Superstition is the poetry, the romance of the invisible world. In it, if we will seek for them there, we may always find indices of known or probable truths. In many instances, indeed, it is scarcely necessary to do more than render this poetry, this *mythos*, into prose, to discover the truth. No one, I am sure, accustomed to habits of thought, especially if he sets himself to work to trace the relation between causes and effects in the moral world, whether or not he receives the sentiment of Milton as something more than a poet's imagery, that

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep—"

No such one, I am confident, can resist the conviction that we are all surrounded by two opposite and conflicting classes of influences and motives—the one leading to virtue and holiness, the other to vice and crime. One of the most fearful problems which the lapse of years has eventually solved under my eye, has been, whether, in the life of one whom I loved, this class of influences and motives would prevail, or that. And it is often not a problem, which, to the human perception, is solved at once. Oh, what struggles have I seen between reason, conscience, religion, on the one hand,—and appetite, passion, and the syren of vice, on the other!

Reader, will you listen to a little sketch from my portfolio, of this character? It is a sad one—

too sad, perhaps you will say. But it carries a lesson along with it which is worth learning, and if learned, is worthy of being engraved with the point of a diamond on the memory of every one, and especially of every young man. It is a sketch of a tempted, struggling, falling, fallen man.

It was in the spring of 184—, that I last visited the grave-yard of the little village of C—, some miles inland from one of the most charming cities in Connecticut. I love a country grave-yard. I love to read the inscriptions, rude and uncouth as many of them are, upon the stones which mark the resting-place of the departed. But I love this enclosure more than any other. It is the grave-yard of my native village. Here rest the ashes of a mother whom I almost worshipped; and here too is the form of a cherished sister, a flower cut down while yet fair and lovely, and transferred to heaven. Side by side they rest—all that is earthly of the mother and the sister; and as I sit near the mounds above them, I seem to hold a closer and sweeter communion with their spirits.

While I was wandering among the graves in this enclosure, during the visit to which I have alluded, my attention was directed to one evidently made but a few months. The earth was fresh around it, and it was plain that the chisel of the untutored sculptor had just traced the words of a mourner's love upon that humble head-stone. I turned to read them: "Charles Randolph, died Feb. 22d, 184—, aged 31 years." It was the name of one whom I once loved as a brother! Though somewhat my senior in years, the closest intimacy and friendship existed between us during the sunny period of boyhood. We shared each other's little joys and sorrows. We sat side by side in the village school. We gambolled in the woods and meadows together. The sports of one were never complete without the presence of the other. And Charles was dead! His sun had gone down while it was yet day. How did he fall? I must tell you.

I had not heard of my friend for several years

preceding the time when I first saw his tombstone. I had not forgotten him. But amid the cares of my profession, I gradually ceased to correspond with him, and I at length lost the place of his residence. The last time I saw him was at his wedding. Charles married long after I left C—— for a distant home. But I was summoned to witness his happiness. The object of his choice was one with whom we had both been familiar from childhood. She was a charming girl. Often, at school, have I looked slyly at her over the top of my spelling-book, from my seat across the room, and thought there was no face so beautiful, no form so graceful and fairy-like, as Emma's. I am but an indifferent philosopher. I never made any pretensions in that way. But since a riper manhood has overtaken me, I have often stopped a moment or two, with perchance a slight fluttering of the heart, as my memory daguerreotyped anew the scenes of my childhood, to inquire what was the meaning of some of those earlier emotions. I have analyzed them not a little, and endeavored, though never so as to satisfy myself, to place them under their appropriate caption in psychology. Verily, love has some curious and unaccountable phases, or there were ingenious and well-executed counterfeits of it in circulation among some of us, long before we had reached the first of those broad stairs in our progress toward maturity, called the *teens*. But I am a poor philosopher, as I said before.

Charles and Emma were young when they met at the altar—young and happy. They were not rich. Their parents did not entail on them the curse of a fortune. They gave them a respectable “setting out,” to use the stereotype expression current in our neighborhood—they gave them that, and their blessing—no more. With that patrimony, Charles and his bride, soon after their union, catching the enthusiasm of the enterprising sons and daughters of Connecticut, left their pleasant home and emigrated westward, to seek their fortune in the wilderness of northern Pennsylvania. At this point I lost sight of them—with one of them forever—with the other, till I saw her, a crushed and broken-hearted widow—a Naomi, returned to bury her husband, and to die among her kindred. The important incidents in their history subsequent to the period of their emigration, I learned from a reliable source in C——.

Charles was an industrious, ambitious man—a daring fellow he was, too. If there were any dangers to be encountered in our youthful exploits, Charley Randolph was always summoned to lead the way. He carried this spirit—so indispensable to a farmer beginning his career in a forest where the axe of the woodman had never been heard—to his new home, if home that spot

could be called which had to offer him only the logs for his cottage. He set resolutely to work; the tall oaks and pines fell fast around him; soon he had a house—a log-house, to be sure, but it was comfortable enough, they thought—and Emma said, laughingly, that they would at least have a practical illustration of that very romantic scene, “love in a cottage.” And so they did, without so much as consulting a single fashionable French novel to learn the art.

The detailed routine of an emigrant’s life—his struggles with the giants of the forest, amid the thousand privations consequent upon a life so far removed from the delights of refined society—would be tedious enough. I shall be excused, if I pass hastily over these matters. It will suffice to say, that on the banks of the Susquehanna, near one of those many grand and glorious gorges between two contiguous hills, that mark that noble stream in its tortuous flow toward the vale of Wyoming, there soon appeared a farm, abundantly rewarding the labor of the husbandman, and that farm was Charles Randolph’s. More than four years had passed. Other settlers had arrived. It was not so lonely in that Pennsylvania forest. God had prospered my friend. He was happy—so was Emma. Why should they not be happy? Their hearts were entwined together as closely as the tendrils of the ivy on the old oak which they had left near their cottage-door, to bless them with its shade, and to be a home for the robin and the blue-bird. That was enough to make them happy. But God gave them another blessing. Oh, what joy there was in that cottage, as little Josephine passed successively through the stages of frolicking, lisping, creeping, walking, and—I scarcely know what besides. Then Heaven sent them another babe, and their cup of joy was full. Did Charles forget God, then, as he pressed his boy to his heart, and as he heard the idol of his affections—his own Emma—call the little one Charley? I know not.

“Charles, my dear, you will not go out to-night; will you? It rains very fast, and I want you at home. Did you know you had one of the most selfish wives in the world, Charles?” So said Mrs. Randolph, perhaps less than a year after the event just related, and as she said it, she looked more sad than usual,—for she had observed a change in her husband—a slight change—but it alarmed her a little. He did not love home less, perhaps—*perhaps!*—but he had learned to find pleasure in the bar-room of a neighboring tavern, which some Yankee settler, with an enthusiastic desire to promote the public good, had recently erected. The loving, trusting wife knew that her husband went there simply for society: but she had a lurking, undefinable, almost prophetic fear, that it might not always be thus.

In a moment, Randolph determined he would stay at home that night. But then he thought of an engagement—might not that engagement have been innocently set aside?—and he said, tenderly, “I think I must go, dear, but I will not stay long.” Charles Randolph! take care! Thou hast already placed thy feet on one of the *steps to ruin!* Take care! Listen to the voice of thy better genius. Hark! it whispers to thee now. Nay, heed not that other voice. Let not the tempter lure thee to thy ruin. Stop! Thou hast even now cause to tremble. Hast thou not already entered the wicket-gate that leads from the path of virtue and peace to the path of vice and sorrow? Take care! think of thy wife, Charles, and of thy dear little babes. Alas! he has gone, and the partner of his bosom is kneeling at the cradle of her boy, and pouring out her heart to God for the tempted man. Tears, bitter tears, roll down her cheeks. Can it be?—but no, no—that were impossible!—and she is calm again. Thus it is with the sorrow-stricken woman, the victim of a grief she cannot reveal, and of a fear she cannot acknowledge even to herself. Love, pure as an angel’s, and stronger than the grave; hope, lighting up the darkest night; trust, that spurns every suspicion, as the voice of the tempter; constancy, like the everlasting hills;—these nerve her arm, and impart to her a heroism a thousand fold more worthy of the world’s applause than that which is exhibited on the battle-field.

Charles Randolph—the devoted husband and fond father—loved more and more the excitement

of the bar-room. Many, many times, when his wife tearfully remonstrated with him, he resolved to leave that dangerous path. But his resolutions were broken. In less than seven years from the day of his marriage, he was a confirmed inebriate. Poverty stared that family in the face. His grim visage entered the door of their cottage, and became an inmate there.

Another year passed—two, perhaps. One night—a bleak, cold, stormy night in February—that poor victim of intemperance sought his accustomed haunt, the tavern. Like an insect, that plays around the flame which is consuming him, fascinated by the blaze, Randolph, though sensible that he was descending the steps to ruin, was yet urged on by an appetite which he had now not the power to control. That was a bitter cold night: fiercely howled the winds around the once happy home of Charles and Emma. How the blast sighed through the leafless boughs of the oak that stood there, like a guardian angel. The snow fell profusely, and was hurled into drifts as it reached the earth. Long and anxiously the wife and mother looked for the absent one—but he came not. He left the inn late, with the bottle in his hand. Poor man! His tale is soon told:

“Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home.”

He was found, when the morning dawned, lying in the road near his cottage, stiff and cold, with his dog caressing him, and striving to rouse him from the sleep of death!

## LINES

Suggested by hearing Dr. Baird’s description of his emotions while passing through the streets of Stockholm at the hour which corresponds with midnight in more Southern latitudes; the sun being there still some degrees above the horizon, while the entire population of the city have retired, and are wrapt in profound sleep.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

How strange!—how like a city of the dead!  
No darkness o’er the sun its pall hath spread,  
And yet what fearful silence reigns around,  
Silence that chills the heart,—so death-like, so profound.

I know full well what means this silence deep,  
I know these busy thousands do but sleep;  
Yet gloomy thoughts and strange my breast invade,  
And I must drive them thence or they will make me mad.

I cannot bear it,—oh, ye dead, awaken!  
Let me not feel so utterly forsaken!

Lo! while I roam through each deserted street,  
Within my heart alone life’s pulses seem to beat.

Ye gloomy thoughts and strange—no more intrude;  
Still let me feel my human brotherhood.  
No! no!—they are not dead, they are not dead,  
These thousands only sleep, life has not wholly fled.

How strange a compound is the human heart?  
How slight a cause can bliss or woe impart?  
Touch but a single chord, and all is bright;  
Touch but another one, and all is dark as night.

## AMERICAN VERSE:—RALPH HOYT.\*

BY W. A. JONES.

WHAT is true, generally, of the best poets, holds with regard to our own writers of verse: they are almost invariably the briefest. Brevity is the essence of wit in its widest acceptation; of passion and imagination no less than of epigrammatic smartness. The very highest flights of Fancy cannot be long sustained; the most brilliant flashes of genius are the most evanescent.

This has ever been the case, from the days of the Hebrew Bards, to the present epoch. And where great Poets have written long poems, how few of these are fairly endenitoned in the national heart; and have taken a firm hold on the popular feeling. Few, very few, great, long poems survive a very limited period; and even the classic national epics, which can be counted on the fingers, are by no means perfect throughout. In the grandest of epics, *Paradise Lost*, how much there is one could willingly let die. Many fine poets of the second rank, assume that position from their perfect short pieces; not from mediocre long ones.

But a short effort must be complete and finished, in itself, to be valuable. It is, as in statuary: the critic demands perfection; whereas, in architecture, one is necessarily more lenient. Or, as in painting, an historical picture may be deficient in parts, while a portrait ought to reflect the living features. Yet, one shall often find the Poet priding himself on his elaborate and longer productions, and contemning, as slight and worthless, those fugitive, occasional effusions, which alone stamp him with immortality.

The length of the performances of our Poets is in an inverse ratio to their intrinsic merits. Thus far, the longest are superlatively meagre and valueless, and fill single volumes, any one of which would probably contain the Gems of American Verse.

We need an American anthology, which should bring together many delicate blossoms, mostly reared in hot-houses, and which can ill bear the rude air of common criticism or the chilling breezes of neglect. Our Parnassus is a garden of exotics chiefly: we have no forest trees yet growing upon it. The soil is not hardy and vigorous enough for the towering oak or majestic elm: it

produces, instead, the ever-sweet rose, the graceful lily, the variegated tulip and the exquisite mignionette.

We have no cedars of Lebanon, but beautiful japonicas. The cactus is a true type of our poetical flowers. It is a foreigner; it is raised and developed with care and pains; and its flower is delicately fair.

Critically, the American Poets fall within the class of Minor Poets. They do not as a class—none of those whose verse will last—write at length, or in the highest walks of the Epic and Tragic Muse. Yet, their efforts may be and often are excellent. And we have thus far at least a score, but surely not over two hundred, as one collector affirmed, of true Poets, whose works will maintain a desirable place in all select collections of Poetry.

Of this nature, and belonging to this class, are the charming effusions of Mr. Hoyt's genius; who is not a great Poet, because he does not attempt the highest walks of Poetry; but who is a pure and sweet one, with judgment to boot, in not venturing upon flights without his reach, or wasting his powers on unattainable objects.

He has happily opened an original vein in these sketches, which display true pathos, and a delicate talent for satiric irony; descriptive skill and a fine ear, attuned to the nice management of his peculiar measures. A pleasing pastoral tenderness; a pure tone of domestic feeling runs through the verses of Mr. Hoyt, whose landscape is enveloped in an atmosphere of sentiment.

The present collection includes *Julia*, *Edward Bell*, *Snow*, *White Dragon*, *World Sale*, *Old, New, Rain, Shower, Oatalissa*.

We by no means class these together. To our taste, there is a good deal of difference; and we greatly prefer some of these to the rest. We shall declare which, and for what reasons.

*Snow*, a rural sketch of winter; and *Rain*, in a lesser degree, a rural summer reminiscence; *Old and New*, we take to be four jewels of the first water, and superior to the other pieces, which are still fine copies of verses.

*Julia* and *Edward Bell* are pleasing personal histories, of somewhat the same character, as to personages and to incidents, with Goldsmith's *Hermit*; but written, the first of them, more in Beattie's style; an imitation by no means marked—possibly unconscious to the author—and

\* Sketches of Life and Landscape. By Rev. R. Hoyt. Shephard, 189½ Broadway.

caught rather from a liking for and study of these delightful writers, than from any deliberate design at copying. The story is simple but natural ; the happy union of long-separated lovers in Julia Jay ; and the reflections of age, in Edward Bell, over the past delights of childhood and youth. Mere invention or high imagination our author does not profess to possess or display ; but fine and faithful description, with just feeling, couched in elegant and melodious verse, he unquestionably may claim.

Snow, is a masterpiece of description and sentiment. It deserves to be placed very near the Cotter's Saturday Night. It is a fine painting, and a religious poem. Domestic joys inspire the strain, and deepen the coloring. The minute detail, the accessories of the picture, are painted with Flemish fidelity, distinctness and brilliancy. The White Dragon, an appendage to Snow, is an allegorical attempt we do not like so much as we would if written by any one else. It is so unlike most of Mr. Hoyt's poems, that it does by no means harmonize (in our judgment) with the rest.

World Sale, is a moral sketch ; the latter half of which is full of pith and point. It will not compare, however, with the succeeding, OLD and NEW. These are rarely choice, as an old writer might say. The pathos of the first is true ; the satire of the second is as just and keen. What is more natural, than for an old man to grow sad on the spot where his youthful joys were partaken by a generation now past, not less fleeting than they ? Can anything, again, be more according to nature, than the fickle anxiety of youth and love of change in man and woman, unchastised by suffering and trial ? While man remains what he is, the truth of these fine poems must remain ; and they alone should embalm the memory of their author. RAIN is a beautiful counterpart to Snow. It is a summer scene, taken off with the vivid fidelity of the winter picture. A sly humor peeps out occasionally, that gives a zest to the tender and romantic character of our author's productions ; while it confirms the soundness of his poetical talent, and the healthiness of his moral constitution. The Shower is a cabinet piece, worthy of Rain ; to

which it serves as a pendant. Oatalissa is something after Campbell's manner : a copy of Gertrude's Indian hero, in miniature.

Description, sentiment, humor : descriptive sentiment, or sentimental description, and humorous irony : these are the leading traits of Mr. Hoyt's poetical character : invention, passion, imagination, we do not find. Not force or depth, but gracefulness and purity. Original observation and original illustration, is here, without a particle of cant. There is always just, manly sense, and fine feeling : often verbal felicities occur ; nor is the verse rough or halting. On the contrary, the variety and music of the rhythm, is one of the most attractive features of our Poet's muse.

Mr. Hoyt has in print some delightful poetical *jeux d'esprit* : we wish he would collect them with these pieces in a larger volume. In the Evening Mirror, he has had several ; and we have lighted upon verses in the Sun, so much superior to the common run of newspaper verse, that we charged upon our author, pieces he confessed to be his.

We have not quoted a line, as we wish our readers to find out the separate beauties for themselves. The critic is a literary taster ; but the reader must mark and inwardly digest for himself.

Mr. Hoyt is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church ; and may be fitly regarded as the best poet, by far, of that church. A modest, though manly preacher, he is not by any means a fashionable preacher ; most fortunately for us and for his own true interest, though not for his pecuniary interest.

Able controvertists arise, flourish, die, are forgotten. Brilliant declaimers flash and vanish more suddenly still ; but genuine poetry outlasts controversies and fashions in oratory, though it gives no personal popularity or worldly honors, or worldly gear. The Muse yields nothing perishable to her followers. Gold is not lasting, but glory is ; so the Poet, too often, is poor and famous.

In the case of a professional man, this should not be ; and we hope will not be with our author. Such as he, the Church should especially cherish.

## T H I R Z A.

FORGET thee, Thirza ? would to heaven I might—  
I strive to do it every day. I know  
My love is vain and hopeless, and a blight,—  
A waste of all my energies ; but oh,  
I cannot rid me of it, 't is entwined  
Around my very heart-strings. Death alone  
Can separate it from them : years have flown

And changed in many things my fickle mind.  
Sinful, apostate to my early creeds,  
The freshness of my heart has passed away  
And left it but a waste and ruin wild ;  
Thy love alone survives and mocks decay,  
Holy and pure, where all things are defiled,  
A spotless lily in a bed of poisonous weeds.

R. S. STODDARD.

## 'PARDONED.'

A Fragment from Real Life.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

SINCE the earliest dawn of morning had the unhappy wife been waiting at the gate of that doleful prison, until the hour appointed for admission. By the beatings of her own heavy heart she had counted the dreary minutes, as they slowly lagged along; and yet she listened with a shudder to the clock whose iron tongue was numbering her husband's last hours on earth. At length the door unclosed, and, taking her child by the hand, she followed the turnkey into the condemned cell. Alas! she had trod that darksome way many times before, but she was never again to follow its windings after this fearful morning. In the emaciated form of that lonely prisoner,—in that pallid face, ploughed with the furrows of mortal agony,—she beheld the husband of her youth, the father of her child, ay, and the condemned felon. In vain had she sought for mercy from those who sat in the high places of judgment. She had found kindness, compassion, sympathy, but no promise of comfort. He must die!—innocent of this last great crime, but with a life-time of sin yet unrepented of, he must die the death of a murderer. Yet not *alone* had he been left to encounter the horrors of that *last night upon earth*. One, whose duty taught him to administer the balm of spiritual healing, had knelt beside him during those frightful hours of darkness, and his prayers had scared the evil demons from their prey.

"Listen to me, Mary," said the miserable man; "listen to me as to a dying man: *I am no murderer!* A gambler and a drunkard I have been: deserving of the heaviest punishment for sins committed against you, Mary,—against our innocent child,—against the oracles of God within my own soul; but never have my hands been stained with blood. It is true I was among the rioters; I saw the tavern brawl in which young Rivers lost his life; but, as I hope to gain from Heaven the mercy denied on earth, my hand was *not* raised in the affray. The witness who *lied* my

life away, struck the blow for which I am unjustly condemned: and had I not been rendered powerless by strong drink, I would have stepped between those who were drunk with wrath. Do you not believe me, Mary?"

"I do,—I do,—and I thank God for this one drop of consolation in my cup of bitterness."

The convict took his child upon his knee, and looked sadly and fixedly in his face. "Take him far from hence," he gasped, "give him another name: let him never be known to others as a felon's son. But tell him of his father's fate, that you may guard him from a father's vices. Let him never forget, that had I taken heed to the beginnings of evil, I should not now be the wretch I am."

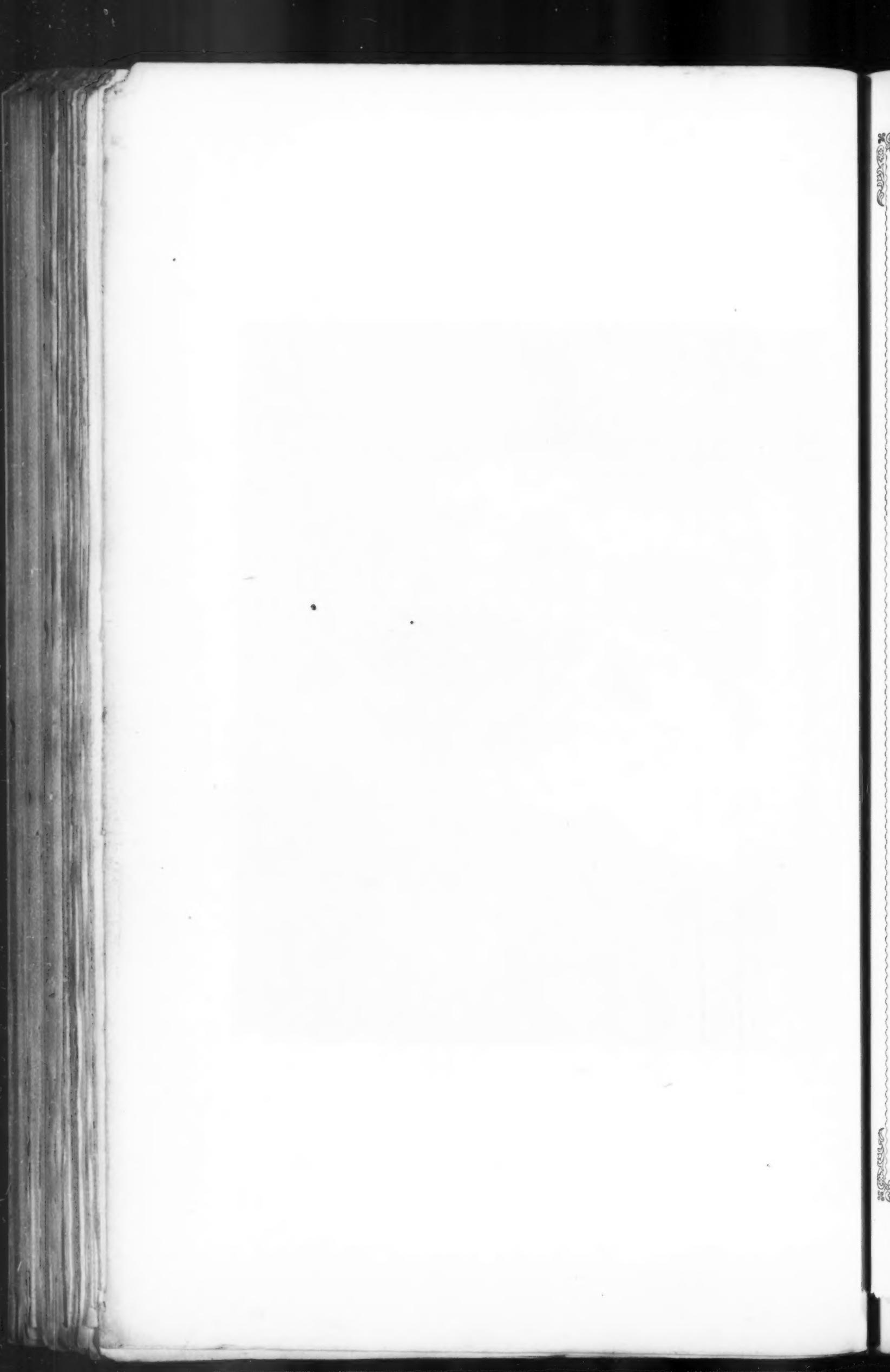
At this moment a sound of footsteps was heard; the keys rattled in the heavy lock, and the form of the jailer appeared in the door-way. Pale, cold, and half fainting, the unhappy woman sank on her knees, with her hand clasping, as if in a death-grasp, the cold fingers of the convict.

"Has the hour come?" asked the prisoner. "Well, I am ready:" and, taking one last fond look at his unconscious child, he endeavored to extricate himself from the boy's embrace. What means that sudden pause? The light of a lantern gleams far along the vaulted passage, but shines full upon a paper in the hands of the jailer. The kindly official knows every word of its contents, but he holds it closer to the light, as if conning it more carefully, in order that the group within the cell may be prepared for his tidings.

Vain caution. "*Pardon!* PARDONED!" The shock is too great: the spirit that was nerved to wrestle with agony, cannot endure the quick revulsion of feeling. With a choked and gurgling cry, Mary falls heavily forward: and the heart which has been overtired by sorrow, is broken by the sudden stroke of joy.



ALBERTO PIZZOLI / AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE



## A LOVE OF A SINGING-MASTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE prettiest girl that attended our singing-meetings was Jane Gordon, the only daughter of a Scotchman who had lately bought a farm in the neighborhood. She was a fair and gentle damsel, soft-spoken and down-looking, but not without a stout will of her own, such as, they do say, your very soft-spoken people are apt to have. Indeed, we may argue that to be able at all times to command one's voice down to a given level, requires a pretty strong will, and more self-possession than impetuous people ever can have; and it is well known that blusterers are easier governed than anybody else. Jane Gordon had light hair, too, which hasty observers are apt to consider a sign of a mild and complying temper; but our dear Jane, though a good girl, and a dutiful daughter, had had a good deal of trouble with old Adam, and given her sober parents a good deal too.

So that, by and by, when it was whispered that Jane Gordon was certainly in love with Mr. Fasole, and that Mr. Fasole was at least very attentive to Jane Gordon, the old people felt a good deal troubled. They were prudent, however, and only watched and waited, though quite determined that an itinerant singing-master should not carry off their treasure, to be a mere foot-ball of Fortune, and have

nor house nor ha',  
Nor fire, nor candle-light.

And at every singing-meeting the intimacy between Mr. Fasole and his fair pupil became more and more apparent, and the faces of the unappropriated damsels longer and longer. The district-schoolmaster, that winter, was a frightful old man, with a face like a death's-head, set off by a pair of huge round-eyed spectacles, so he was out of the question, even if he had not had a wife and family to share his sixteen dollars a month. The store-keeper, Squire Hooper's partner, had impudently gone off to the next town for a wife, but a few weeks before; and a young lawyer who talked of settling among us as soon as there was anything to do—(he had an eye on the setting-back of the mill-pond, we suspect)—did nothing but smoke cigars and play checkers on the store-counter, and tell stories of the great doings at the place he had been haunting before he came among us. So the dearth of beaux was stringent, mere farmer-boys being generally too shy to make anything of, until they have bought land and stock, when they begin to look round, with a business eye, for somebody to make butter and cheese. Mr. Fasole, with his knowing air, and a plentiful stock of modest assurance, reigned paramount, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes." He "cut a wide swath," the young men said, and it may be supposed they owed him no good will.

How matters can remain for any length of time in such an explosive state without an eruption, let philosophers tell. Twice a week, for a whole, long, Western winter, did the singing-school meet regularly at the school-house, and practise the tunes which were to be sung on Sunday; and every Sunday did one or two break-downs attest that improvement in music could not have been the sole object of such persevering industry. Sometimes a bold bass would be found finishing off; for a bar or two, in happy unconsciousness that its harmonious compeers had ceased to vibrate. Then again, owing to the failure, through timidity or obliviousness, of some main stay, the whole volume of sound would quaver away, trembling into silence or worse, while the minister would shut his eyes, with a look of meek endurance, and wait until Mr. Fasole, frowning, and putting on something of the air with which we jerk up the head of a stumbling horse, could get his unbroken team in order again. Jane Gordon was not very bright at singing, perhaps because she was suffering under that sort of fascination which is apt to make people stupid; and she was often the "broken tooth and foot out of joint" at whose door these unlucky accidents were laid by the choir. Mr. Fasole always took her part, however, and told the accuser to "look at home," or hinted at some by-gone blunder of the whole class, or declared that Miss Jane evidently had a bad cold—not the first time that a bad cold has served as an apology for singing out of time.

The period for a spring quarterly meeting of one of the leading denominations now drew nigh, and a great gathering was expected. Ministers from far and near, and a numerous baptism in the pond, were looked for. Preparations of all sorts were set on foot, and among the rest, music "suited to the occasion." The choice of "set pieces" and anthems, and new tunes, gave quite a new direction and spur to the musical interest; but Mr. Fasole and Jane Gordon were not forgotten. There was time to watch them, and sing too. Through the whole winter, the singing-master, though his way lay in quite an opposite direction, had thought proper to see Miss Gordon home, except when it was very cold or stormy, when he modestly withdrew, with an air which said he did not wish his attentions to seem particular. It had become quite a trick with the young men to listen by the road-side, in order to ascertain whether he did not pop the question somewhere between the school-house and Mr. Gordon's; but the conclusion was, that either he was too discreet to do it, or too cunning to let it be heard, for nothing could ever be distinguished but the most ordinary talk. Nothing could be more obvious, however, than

that, whatever were Mr. Fasole's intentions, poor Jane was very much in earnest. She lost all her interest in the village circle, and, too honest and sincere for concealment, only found her spirits when the fascinating singing-master appeared. He had the magnetizer's power over the whole being of his pupil. The parents observed all this with the greatest uneasiness, and remonstrated with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but in vain. They reminded her that no one knew anything about the singing-master, and that he very probably had at least one wife elsewhere, although it was past the art of man to betray him into any acknowledgment of such incumbrance; but Jane was deaf to all caution, and evidently only waited for the votary of music to make up his mind to ask, before she should courtesy and say yes.

The quarterly meeting came on, and Squire Hooper's big barn was filled to overflowing. A long platform had been erected for the ministers, and rough seats in abundance for the congregation; but every beam, bin, and "coign of vantage," was hung with human life, in some shape or other. Such a gathering had not been seen in a long while. In front was placed Mr. Fasole, with Jane Gordon on his left hand, and his forces ranged in order due on each hand. White was his bosom, (outside,) and fiery red his hair and face, as he wrought vehemently in beating time, while he sent out volumes, not to say whole editions, of sound. One could not but conclude that every emotion of his soul must find utterance in the course of the morning's performance, if Jane Gordon only listened aright, which she seemed very well disposed to do. But the concluding hymn was to be the crowning effort. It abounded in fugues—those fatal favorites of country choirs, and had also several solos, which Mr. Fasole had assigned to Jane Gordon, in spite of the angry inuendoes of other pretenders. He had drilled her most perseveringly, and, though not without some misgivings, had succeeded in persuading himself, as well as his pupil, that she would get through these "tight places" very well, with a little help from him.

When the whole immense assembly rose to listen while the choir performed this "set piece," it was with a sound like the rushing of many waters, and poor Jane, notwithstanding the whispered assurances of the master, began to feel her courage oozing out, as women's courage is apt to do just when it is most wanted. She got through her portion of the harmony with tolerable credit; but when it came to the first solo, it was as if one did take her by the throat, and the sounds died away on her lips. Dread silence ensued, but in a moment, from the other side of the barn, seemingly from a far distant loft, a female voice, clear, distinct, and well trained, took up the recreant strain, and carried it through triumphantly. Then the chorus rose, and, encouraged by this opportune aid, performed their part to admiration—so well, indeed, and with so much enthusiasm, that they did not at first miss the leading of Mr.

Fasole. When the next solo's turn came, they had time to look round: and while the distant voice once more sent its clear tones meandering among the rafters and through the mows and out of the wide doors, all the class turned to look at the master. There he stood—agape—astare—pale—spiritless—astonied—petrified; his jaw fallen, his nose pinched in, his eyes sunken and hollow, and fixed in wild gaze on the dim distance whence issued the potent sound, while poor Jane's fascinated optics gazed nowhere but on him. But before note could be taken of their condition, the chorus must once more join in the last triumphant burst, for the new auxiliary had inspired them like a heavenly visitant, and they could not attend to sublunary things. They finished in a perfect blaze of glory, the unknown voice sounding far above all others, and carrying its part as independently as Mr. Fasole himself could have done.

"What is the matter with the singing-master?" "Has he got a fit?" "Is he dying?" was whispered through the crowd as soon as the meeting was dismissed. "Bring water—whiskey—a fan—oh goodness! what is to be done?"

"Let me come to him," said a powerful voice just at hand; and, as the crowd opened, a tall, masculine woman, of no very prepossessing exterior, made her way to the fainting Orpheus.

"Jedediah!" she exclaimed, giving a stout lift to the drooping head; "Jedediah! don't you know your own Polly Ann?"

It was Mrs. Fasole—a very promising scholar whom the unhappy teacher had married at the scene of former labors, somewhere in the interior of Illinois, hoping to find her a true help-meet in the professional line. But, discovering to his cost that she understood only one kind of harmony, and that not of the description most valuable in private, he had run away from her and her big brothers, and hoped, in the deep seclusion of still newer regions, to escape her forever, and pass for that popular person, an agreeable bachelor.—Whether he was really villain enough to have intended to marry poor Jane too, we cannot know, but we will charitably hope not; though we are not sure that wantonly to trifle with an innocent girl's affections for the gratification of his vanity, was many shades less culpable. The world judges differently, we know, since it makes one offence punishable by law, while the other is considered, in certain circles, rather a good joke than otherwise. But the singing-master and his fearful spouse disappeared, and those who had not joined the class exulted; while, as far as public demonstration went, we could not see but the singing at meeting fell back to very nearly the old mark, under the auspices of old deacon Ingalls, who has for many years been troubled with a polypus in his nose.

Jane Gordon is a much more sensible girl than she was two years ago, and looks with no little complacency upon Jacob Still, a neighbor's son, who boasts that he can turn a furrow much better than he can a tune.

## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

MARCH.—What lions may be coming in with March we cannot prognosticate; but our winter, up to this present writing, (with a quill from February's parting wing,) has been most lamb-like; yet, upon second thoughts, not *fleecy*—for we have had no snow. The winds have roared only "like any sucking-dove : "

The chant  
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress  
Of the fresh sylvan air—

have made us feel as if May were returning the compliment which winter is said habitually to pay her in this climate. If it be necessary to have had winter in order to enjoy spring, we shall hardly be able to welcome March this time. But the poets have established a spring of their own, very little dependent upon the chance facts of any particular year. Imagination and Memory supply the ground on which are wrought such pictures as can be drawn only there; and even though a sunny winter should usher in a bleak and cruel March, we have ample provision in our hearts for genial influences, if we will but admit them. There is material for a whole month's pleasant thought in these verses, which are, or ought to be, at everybody's elbow :

MARCH.  
The stormy March is come at last,  
With wind and cloud and changing skies ;  
I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies.  
Ah, passing few are they who speak,  
Wild, stormy month ! in praise of thee ;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.  
For thou to northern lands again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring ;  
And thou hast joined the gentle train,  
And wear at the gentle name of spring.  
And in thy reign of blast and storm,  
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,  
When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
And Heaven puts on the blue of May.  
Then sing aloud the gushing rills,  
And the full springs from frost set free,  
That brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.  
The year's departing beauty hides  
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;  
But in the sternest frown abides  
A look of kindly promise yet.  
Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom on earth that lies  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

And this reminds us, that in our voluminous correspondence with young poets who desire our editorial and critical counsel, we turn naturally to Mr. Bryant's poems, when we would find passages by which to exemplify our notions of what is lacking in most of the verse sent to us. One prominent point is touched upon in the following remarks, which we extract from a letter of advice, written a few weeks since to a young person in whose beginnings we were much interested :

"If you examine your verses, you will find they embrace too many *adjectives*.

"I commend to your study Mr. Bryant's Lines to the Evening Wind, in which every epithet or adjective is *significant*—has a decided power in heightening the idea. Young poets find it difficult to confine themselves to what is essential; they substitute words for ideas; and they do not often bestow labor enough, even upon words, in order to choose the best. Common-place is the death of poetry; unless something more moving and delighting is accomplished by poetry than by prose, prose is far better. Do you ever attempt prose ? You can better understand the true value of your ideas by putting them down first in plain words: the jingle of rhyme is very deceptive; it pleases the ear; and we forget that it envelops and disguises common or insignificant ideas."

We take this method of making part of our grave epistle a *circular*, because it is impossible to write separate criticisms to the numbers who request it, while at the same time, the remarks we venture to repeat here, apply to nineteen-twentieths of all the verses sent us for the Union.

INCORRECT MODES OF EXPRESSION.—Two of our most valued correspondents urge us to take some notice in the 'Union' of the various incorrect and inelegant expressions which are creeping into our beloved mother-tongue, through the medium of the press, private conversation, and, sad to say, even the pulpit itself. This would be worthy service in some competent writer, no doubt; though we are not sure that any good would be accomplished by it. Some of the un-English expressions complained of, are to be ascribed to Dickens' early books; some to the rough Western wit which our travellers pick up and bring home from their exploring expeditions on the Lakes and the Mississippi; some, and we think by far the greater part, to our Eastern brethren, who cultivate provincialisms as proving their Plymouth rock origin. A writer in the Literary World lately, says of this:—"It has received various names, such as Yankee style, Major Downing style, etc.; but it is in fact the finest, truest and most apposite mode of language which a strong, direct utterance could require—the language in which Shakspeare found space for his great imaginings." He then enumerates *dally*, *chores*, *skipped*, *cloy*, *conceit*, *sick*, *runagate*, *fetch*, *budge*, *admire*, *tetchy*, *bruit*, *glib*, *quilllets*, *carp*, *pother*, *take on*, *wimple*, *homely*, *ugly*, *guess*, and some others, bringing citations from Shakspeare in their defence; and claiming them as characteristic of the dialect of Maine, and "proof of blood." Now, some of these instances are confessedly good English anywhere, and the others are by no means peculiar to the State of Maine. The writer might have quoted some which are undeniably so—for instance, "the *beastermost* cow"—an expression which we do not find in Shakspeare or Milton. But what shall we say of *open up*, *tangle up*, *dress up*, and twenty similar compounds; and *grit*, and *pretty likely*, and *war n't he*—not to mention the detestable addition of an *r* to words ending in *a*; as *idea-r*, *dilemma-r*, *vista-r*, *Eliza-r-Ann*, which we hear every day. We might multiply instances which cry for correction; but a proper search for them would require more leisure than we are able to command. But we assure all our correspondents who feel an interest in the subject, that if they will collect instances for us, we will see that the matter is brought before our readers—amounting to more thousands than our modesty will permit us to hint at—in a way that shall engage their attention. We have secured the services of some potent auxiliaries in this field.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Death Song; A Hymn; Rome; The Power of Music; A Character; A Spring Memory; A Dream of the Covenanters; The Mysterious Picture; Aristocracy in a Republic; Legend of Voltburga; To the Child I Love Best; A Search after a Social Position; Tasso; are accepted. Many other articles are under consideration. Those which we are obliged to decline will be found at the office in due time. For the sake of avoiding disappointment, we would say candidly, that it is not worth while to forward us articles requiring immediate decision. We read in regular order, and cannot promise to be partial to the importunate. The press of matter sent in, and the urgency of some of our contributors, oblige us to make this explanation.

We would gladly insert "A Feudal Usage," but for a dash of bitterness in its tone—to us an insuperable objection in the discussion of any moral question. Those who wish to convince, must conciliate. Where our hearts are really interested in the result of our persuasions, or the success of our arguments, we instinctively begin with an attempt to win the good-will of the power to be propitiated.

Will our correspondent take our hint in good part, and either make some little change in the article, or pardon us for declining it ? It will be left with our publisher.

We should be happy to receive spirited communications on subjects of moral interest; on life and manners; on the errors and deceptions current in society; on literary studies; on American antiquities; on art and artists. We would gladly introduce a far greater variety into our pages, quite sure that among the many thousands who read the Union, must be found every diversity of taste.

## THE SILENT TEAR.

COMPOSED BY HERRMAN S. SARONI.

Andante.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time, C major (indicated by a C with a circle), and the bottom staff is in common time, C minor (indicated by a C with a cross). Both staves begin with a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "I saw a love-ly maid-en, With curls of ra-ven black, With eyes to shame the". The second section is: "stars a - bove, And al - a - bas - ter neck. My heart beat with e -". The score concludes with a measure ending in common time, C major, with a repeat sign and the number 8.

I saw a love-ly maid-en, With curls of ra-ven black, With eyes to shame the

stars a - bove, And al - a - bas - ter neck. My heart beat with e -

140

mo - tion, I sighed with strange de - light;

A si - silent tear purled down my cheek, And eased my

bo som's weight.

## II.

When next again I saw her,  
We spoke sweet words of love;  
The silent tear was on my cheek,  
And watched the spell *she* wove.  
I heeded not its warning—  
I thought of her alone,  
And listened to the pleasant words  
She spoke with silver tone.

## III.

The pallid moon has twelve times  
Performed its silent round,  
And she whom I so dearly loved  
Lies deep, deep under ground.  
A tear, ah! sad and bitter,  
Flows down my fev'rish cheek,  
As if of by-gone happiness  
It longed to me to speak.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM. By S. Wells Williams. New-York and London: Wiley & Putnam.

We acknowledged the reception of this grand book last month, but were too much crowded to say much about it. Further inspection has but confirmed our idea of its value, and we really envy those whose occupations allow the leisure for a full perusal—quite out of the question for us. Where we have dipped, we find everything to interest and amuse, and we mean to make the "Middle Kingdom" our *pièce de résistance* for a while, till we possess ourselves fully of its multifarious contents. A scrap here and there we must crib for the amusement of those of our distant readers who may not see the work immediately.

MILK-NAME.—"Fathers give their sons the *ju ming*, or 'milk-name,' about a month after birth. The mother, on the day appointed for this ceremony, worships, and thanks the goddess of Mercy; and the boy, dressed and having his head shaved, is brought into the circle of assembled friends, where the father confers the name, and celebrates the occasion by a feast. The milk-name is kept until the lad enters school, at which time the *shu ming*, or school-name, is conferred upon him.—Such names as Ink-Grinder, Promising-Study, Opening-Olive, Entering-Virtue, Rising-Advancement, etc., are given to young students; while children are called by the names of flowers, virtues, or some endearing or fanciful epithet, and sometimes by their number, as Wei Ayah, Wei Asan, i. e., No. 1 Wei, No. 2 Wei, etc. The personal names of the Chinese are written contrariwise to our own, the *sing* or surname coming first, then the *ming* or given name, and then the complimentary title." A writer in *The Chinese Repository* says, "He took out a red card as big as a sheet of paper, and wrote Wu Tanyuen. 'I thought your name was Mr. Wu: why do you write your name wrong end first?' inquired L. 'It is you who are wrong,' replied he; 'look in your own Directory, where alone you write names as they should be, placing the honored family name first.'"

POLITENESS.—The periphrases employed to denote persons, and thus avoid speaking their names, in a measure indicate the estimation in which they are held. For instance: "Does the honorable great man enjoy happiness?" means, "Is your father well?" "Distinguished and honorable one, what honorable age?" is the mode of asking how old he is; for among the Chinese, as it seems to have been among the Egyptians, it is polite to ask the names and ages of all ranks and sexes. A child terms his father "family's majesty," "old man of the family," "prince of the family," or "venerable father." When dead, a father is called "former prince," and a mother "venerable great one in repose."—The request, "make my respects to your mother," for no Chinese gentleman ever asks to *see* the ladies, is literally, "Excellent longevity hall place for me wish repose."—Care must be taken not to use the same expressions when speaking of the relatives of the guest and of your own. Thus in asking "How many worthy young gentlemen (sons) have you?" The host replies, "I am unfortunate in having but one boy"—literally, "My fate is niggardly, I have only one little bug." This runs through their whole Chesterfieldian code. A man calls his wife *tsien nui*, i. e., "the mean one of the inner apartments," or "the foolish one of the family;" while another, speaking of her, calls her "the honorable lady," "worthy lady," "your favored one," etc.

An invitation to dinner is written on a slip of red paper like a visiting card, and sent some days before. It reads, "On the —— day a trifling entertainment will await the

light of your countenance: Tsan Sanwei's compliments." Another card is sent on the day itself, stating the hour of dinner, or a servant comes to call the guests."

POEMS. By James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Cambridge: George Nichols. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. New-York: D. Appleton, 200 Broadway.

Mr. Lowell has, as yet, hardly enjoyed the reputation he has earned as an American poet. A tinge of mysticism, not to say mistiness, was discoverable in his earlier poetry; and critics ascribed the want of obviousness to a radical defect in conception. Applying the rule that an image is nothing unless you can paint it, they characterized Mr. Lowell's flights of fancy as vague, shadowy, and obscure. But the poems in the present volume, at least, are not liable to this objection. They lay hold stoutly on this lower world, lifting its hopes and fears and efforts and aspirations to a spiritual level, from which empyrean heights may be discerned, and breath for boundless soaring gained. There is a tone of deep interest in human affairs; sharp indignation against oppression and all moral wrong; earnest recognition of the holy and the good. The crying sins of the time are handled unsparingly, and the duty of the poet as prophet, made to appear no whit behind his office as priest of the beautiful. The tender, human, brotherly spirit of the whole book, is sampled in these lines of the poem called "Si descendero in Infernum, ades."

Looking within myself, I note how thin  
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate  
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin:—  
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate,  
And see not dimly the smooth-hinged gate  
That opes to those abysses  
Where ye grope darkly—ye who never knew  
On your young hearts love's consecrating dew,  
Or felt a mother's kisses;  
Or home's restraining tendrils round you curl'd.

If Mr. Bryant had never written "To the Past," we should be disposed to single out Mr. Lowell's poem with that title as the most striking and perfect in the book; but lacking full originality, we can only recommend it as exceeding beautiful, and worthy to be read and laid up in the memory as a pendant to the exquisite limning of the elder master. The following verses smack of old George Herbert:

### A CONTRAST.

Thy love thou sentest oft to me,  
And still as oft I thrust it back,  
Thy messengers I could not see  
In those who everything did lack,—  
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

Pride held his hand before my eyes,  
The world with flattery stuffed mine ears;  
I looked to see a monarch's guise,  
Nor dreamed thy love would last for years,  
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet when I sent my love to thee,  
Thou with a smile didst take it in,  
And entertain'dst it royally,  
Though grimed with earth, with hunger thin,  
And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now every day thy love I meet,  
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,  
With weary step and bleeding feet,  
Still knocking at the heart of pride,  
And offering grace though still denied.

We should like, if we had space, to copy the whole of the beautiful lines to the Dandelion, as a specimen of rich poetic musing on what, to the vulgar eye, would seem a vulgar subject; but we can steal but a stanza or two:

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;  
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee  
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment  
In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first  
From thy dark green thy yellow circles burst.

The Ghost-seer is perhaps the most powerful poem in the present collection; and as it is too long to extract, and too good to garble, we can only commend it to the attention of our readers.

Mr. Lowell's versification is pure and musical; his epithets significant, and not mere make-weights. If he sometimes makes a sacrifice to rhyme, he has great names to keep him in countenance. There is occasionally a little straining after originality, and sometimes an awkward or homely turn where we least expect it. But the excellent so far predominates, that we have laid up the volume among our books to dwell on, sure of always finding in it something to reward repeated perusal.

**THE AMERICAN FLORA.** Vol. II. No. 12. In twelve monthly parts, each part illustrated with four to six beautiful colored engravings, taken from nature—displaying the natural appearance of the plant or flower—medical properties, uses, method of propagation and culture. By Dr. A. B. Strong. New-York: Green & Spencer, No. 140 Nassau-street.

The present number completes Vol. II., and it is accordingly enriched with a beautiful colored title-page, where the graceful fuchsia, the blue bell, the rich tulip, roses—crimson, white and red—and the sacred passion flower, bloom as in the conservatory. An elegant bouquet graces the first page, and then we have the golden dandelion, lately enshrined in Mr. Lowell's tasteful poetry. Cubebs, "in his habit as he lived," may also be found—and on the whole, we never saw a prettier thing of the kind. The work is said to be afforded at \$3 per year, but we think

this is hardly likely. If there be a mistake in this respect, it will doubtless be rectified at the office of publication—but so say the printed terms.

**ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY**—same author and publishers. A very handsome number, this, for February.

**DRAMATIC POEMS.** By Harriette Fanning Read. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

We are happy to be able to speak favorably and with respect of this volume, presented in very handsome style by the Boston publishers. We took up the book with rather an illiberal prejudice, from a deep-seated opinion of ours that women have not quite strength enough to write tragedies. These dramas are of action rather than of sentiment, and they are totally unfurnished with those streaks of "fine writing" during the reading or recital of which, "gods, men and columns" stand waiting—as does the orchestra while the *prima* is soaring off to the clouds in a cadenza—for the piece to go on. But there is a good deal of nerve; great correctness of versification, great purity of sentiment; no absurdities of action, no *fadaises* in the way of ornament; and if this seem but meagre praise, since we cannot speak of great power, pathos, invention or passion, we can only wish we could often say as much, with a clear conscience, of the so-called dramatic poetry of the day.

**MIDSUMMER EVE: A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.** By Mrs. S. C. Hall. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

The author of this captivating volume has created a new race of fairies to mingle with her tale of human love and joy and sorrow. There are three kingdoms of them:—that of Night Star, queen of the fairies of the air—all light and purity and tenderness; of Honeybell, the queen of earth's fairies—dwelling among the flowers—fantastic, heedless and capricious, like the immemorial "good people;" and the queen of the Kelpies, a yellow, damp, distorted sprite—of a class banished by the other tribes from their sports and pastimes, and never allowed to rise from the sedges of the lower lake, except upon Midsummer Eve, when they may have the chance of carrying off some new-born child of earth. All these are "in at the birth" of a fatherless child, born on Midsummer Eve, and thus belonging to whichever of the queens is first to enter the chamber. Air, on this occasion, has the first right of choice; Earth, the second. Nightstar is persuaded, by the intercession of the "Fairyman" woodcutter, Randy, to give up her purpose of substituting a changeling, and spare the child to its widowed mother. She proposes, instead, to adopt and endow it with gifts; Honeybell poutingly assents, and the young mother, in a vision, is permitted to choose for her darling. She prays that the child may be, throughout life,—*loving and beloved*.

The Kelpie queen fancies herself defrauded of her right, and makes repeated efforts to obtain possession of the fair girl adopted by her sister, at various periods of her life. The consultations between the two other queens, and the lofty educational theories of Night Star, are hardly in keeping with the nature ascribed to "the forms of earth and air," but the reader may revel in luxuriant descriptions of nature in her wild summer beauty, in the lake country of Killarney; and the story is exquisitely touching and interesting. In the character of Eva Raymond,—bright,

guileless, earnest and loving,—influencing all by her potent birth gift,—is shown the sustaining, subduing, and regenerating power of love. The strangely-endowed woodcutter carries our sympathies throughout. He is the guardian of Eva, under the direction of her loving protectress, Night Star, who forsakes her kingdom of the air, and dwells for a time in mortal form to do her service. The scene of the shipwreck, and the picture of Sidney's struggles with adverse fortune, are worthy of all admiration. Not so well, though admissible, is the agency of Night Star in the repentance of Cormac; which might have been left to the working of conscience, and the all-conquering principle which it is the object of the book to illustrate. The volume is embellished with illustrative designs. The language, though sometimes careless, is rich and flowing.

The Messrs. Harper have issued the same work in a cheap form.

**NOW AND THEN.** By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. Author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Diary of a late Physician." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This story reminds us much of the "Crock of Gold" by Mr. Tupper. Its spirit is the same; and its main incident closely akin to that which gave interest to that thrilling tale. In one view, this class of fictitious writing is to be considered as auxiliary to the teachings of others which may be less attractive. Moral truth, presented in a well-wrought story, is more likely to find access to the young heart, than more didactic instruction. If the indirect and incidental teachings of life are the most effectual, why may not cautions and maxims enveloped in life-pictures accomplish a good work in their way? This book advocates the highest and purest principles.

**THE HAUNTED BARQUE AND OTHER POEMS.** By E. Curtiss Hine. Auburn: J. C. Derby & Co. New-York: Mark H. Newman & Co., 199 Broadway.

A slender and elegant volume, containing some thirty or forty poems of various lengths, which we have not yet found leisure even to skim. Mr. Hine has long been known as a favorite contributor to the Knickerbocker and other periodicals, and though not a very original, is a smooth and polished writer.

**ENDEAVORS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.** By James Martineau. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway.

This is a volume of practical and instructive discourses, by the brother of the well-known lady who has spoken at once so favorably and so disparagingly of these United States of ours. The sermons may safely be commended to all who love religious reading.

**EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,** and Magazine of Moral and Intellectual Science. Edited by George Combe and Robert Cox. Re-published by Fowlers and Wells, Clinton-Hall, New-York.

One of the most elegant re-prints we have ever seen, designed as an Eclectic which will comprise the most valuable and recent papers that may be issued on the subject. Portraits of eminent phrenologists, with other desirable illustrations, are to add to the beauty and value of the work; and those who are willing to "prove all things,"

can hardly do better than to avail themselves of this opportunity of ascertaining what is said of Phrenology by its most distinguished advocates.

**LEGENDS OF MEXICO.** By George Lippard. Author of "Legends of the American Revolution," "The Quaker City," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut-st.

**INSUBORDINATION.** By T. S. Arthur. Same Publisher.

These books are better printed than the "cheap literature" generally. The paper and type are better—not so ophthalmic. The first named embodies the battles of General Taylor; the second the battles of an ill-governed household. As the latter result in peace, we may hope the former are destined to a similar termination. Mr. Arthur's stories always have an excellent aim; but this one lacks the usual refinement of his delineations. We like "Truth severe by Fiction drest;" but the dress should be silk, not sackcloth. We may be allowed to doubt whether any tolerably successful mechanic's family in the United States, uses language as coarse as that ascribed to the Hardamers.

**ABBOTT'S COMMON SCHOOL DRAWING CARDS.** Nos. 1 & 2. Landscapes. New-York: Collins & Brother, 254 Pearl-street.

Shall we ever have the satisfaction of seeing these admirable cards introduced into the schools to which is committed the early training of our artisans—our *tiers état*—our men of action—our mass of teachers—our citizen-mothers and working women? When we reflect on the manifold advantages resulting from a thorough cultivation of the almost universal taste for the arts of design, we feel an enthusiasm which these two simple packs of cards—handsome and well-executed as they are—might hardly seem fitted to excite. We cannot help looking at them as the power acting at the point of divergence; seemingly trifling, yet sufficient to ensure all that we desire, when carried out; the little cloud which contains the elements of the fertilizing shower. The practical directions given by Mr. Jacob Abbott, have all the admirable good sense, critical and sympathetic adaptedness, and sound principle, which abound in all that we have ever seen offered by that gentleman in the way of instruction to the young—or we may add, the old either. Our friend, Mr. J. A. Cleaveland, has done his part admirably in the designs; and if our good word be worth anything, we shall gladly further the upward way of the series, until it is established in its proper position in public opinion.

Number 3, which contains Flowers, is now in the hands of the printer.

We have received from Messrs. Harper the Life of Chevalier Bayard, by W. G. Simms, Esq.; and Volume II of Lamartine's History of the Girondists. From C. M. Saxton, the City of the Dead and other Poems, by Andrew Dickinson; from L. Scott and Co., Blackwood for January; containing a somewhat caustic article on American periodical literature; from Fowler and Co., Edinburgh Phrenological Journal, and Magazine of Moral and Intellectual Science; and American Phrenological Journal; from J. Murphy, Baltimore, U. S. Catholic Magazine and Monthly Review; from Morgan and Waterhouse, Landscape Views of New England; from C. W. Bryan, Hudson, the Gavel, devoted to Odd-Fellowship; from Dr. A. Brigham, the American Journal of Insanity.

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ments are fine—especially do we appreciate “Going to School,” because we have a recollection of going to school in the same manner, *lang syne*.—*Madison Family Visitor, Madison, Geo.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for February, edited by Mrs. Kirkland, is before us, freighted with its usual variety of entertaining reading matter. The embellishments in this number are excellent. Going to School in the snow is beautiful, and is to our taste, decidedly; it takes us back, in memory, to the days when we were young; to the time when our heart was as light as the feathery snow which drifted over the fence tops. Ah me! those days come not to us again, except in the retrospect; they have been crushed out by the life-burdens we are called upon to bear.—*Fairfax News, Fairfax, Virginia.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—We inadvertently omitted to notice the January number of this valuable periodical. The Feb. No. is on our table, and speaks well for the high character of the magazine. The literary contents of the work is in no way inferior to any publication in the country; while the illustrations and typographical execution of the work outvie them all. The January number, being the first of the new volume, has three superb engravings, in addition to a plate of fashions, very tastefully colored. It also contains several wood engravings.—*Meadville Gazette, Meadville, Pa.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—We cannot omit to notice briefly this new and magnificent periodical, the January and February numbers of which we have just received. For neatness and beauty of typography, splendor, richness and profusion of embellishment, we must pronounce it the tip-top magazine of the country; and from the celebrity of its conductors and contributors, its other merits are doubtless in keeping with these.—*Buck-Eye Eagle, Marion, Ohio.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have received the February number of the Union Magazine, richly laden with the best specimens of magazine literature. To our taste, the Union Magazine is unsurpassed by any work of the kind in this country, both in the splendor of its embellishments and the

excellence of its literary contents.—*Eastport Sentinel, Eastport, Maine.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—This is unquestionably the most splendid and desirable periodical of the day. The February number has been received, and is filled with choice original articles from the most distinguished writers in the country, with its usual superior embellishments. Such a work must be extensively patronized.—*Raleigh Star and N. C. Gazette, Raleigh, N. C.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have received the February number of this beautiful and valuable monthly; published in New-York by Mr. Israel Post, and edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. It has a number of talented contributors; and it is indeed a splendid affair, which will compete with any magazine of its kind. Those of our readers who want a good monthly, and have not yet subscribed, can see the present number of the “Union” at our office.—*Wingash Observer, Georgetown, S.C.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The first number of the second volume of this favorite magazine, edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, has been received. Its typography is fine, and its embellishments are elegant. Mrs. Kirkland is well known to the American people as an author, or an authoress if you wish, and bids fair to be still better known as an editress. The embellishments of this number consist of three beautiful engravings, and a plate of the fashions. The magazine is worthy of patronage, and we commend it to such of our readers as patronize such works.—*Selma Reporter, Selma, Ala.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The February No. of the Union Magazine, published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st., New-York, has been received. The contents of this No. are entirely original, and is embellished with three beautiful mezzotint engravings. This is decidedly the best magazine published either in Philadelphia or New-York, and we take great pleasure in introducing it to our literary readers.—*Rahway Repub., Rahway, N.J.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for January. It is embellished with four of the finest engravings we have ever seen, besides nine elegant wood-cuts; and as a literary periodical vies with any now published in the United States.—*Holly Springs Gaz., Holly Springs, Miss.*

#### TERMS OF THE UNION MAGAZINE

One copy one year, in advance,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	\$3,00
One copy two years,	“	.	.	.	.	.	.	5,00
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Twelve “ “ “	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	20,00

#### GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

We will give the person sending us the largest club of subscribers to this Magazine, with the cash at the above rates during the time ending the 1st of May, 1843, the engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, containing the correct portraits of ninety-seven distinguished gentlemen, then in the Senate Chamber, at the time of Mr. Clay's farewell speech. The engraving measures thirty-two by forty inches, engraved by Thomas Doney, and published by E. Anthony, with a splendid gilt frame; the engraving and frame costing \$27 00, which we will deliver free of freight or expense, in any way to the person entitled to it, at any place within the United States; and it will also constitute the person sending the money, a life subscriber to the Union Magazine. The picture and frame can be seen at any time at E. Anthony's Daguerreotype Establishment, 247 Broadway, New-York.

Address, post-paid, ISRAEL POST, 140 Nassau-street, New-York.

# THE UNION MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1848.

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STEPS TO RUIN. No. 4, (the last.) Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by T. Doney.

PARDONED. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by M. Osborne.

FASHIONS. Two figures. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.

THE VOICE OF THE MUTE. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

THE WRECK. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN. Engraved by P. Loomis.

SCENES IN DREAM-LAND. Engraved by P. Loomis.

A PSALM OF PRAISE. FROM THE HEBREW OF DAVID. In the Hebrew Style of Printing. Engraved by P. Loomis.

A SCENE TAKEN FROM A JOURNAL IN SWITZERLAND. Engraved by P. Loomis.

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

THE QUERXEN, ERDMÄNNCHEN AND FAIRY-MEN. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

HOME COSTUME.—Robe in blue taffeta, skirt short, coming only a little below the knee, and prolonged by a scalloped flounce, surmounted by a puffing extending up the skirt on each side of the waist. Corsage plain, high, and open in front, trimmed with a puffing to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves rather close, half long, trimmed to match. Underskirt of cambric; guimpe in plaited muslin, and muslin cuffs. Cap of embroidered muslin; front very small and rounded at the ears; trimmed with two rows of lace, and with roses and bows of rose-colored ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of violet-damask figured with black; skirt plain, corsage plain and very high, close in front and finished with a small cape surrounding the bust. Sleeves tight, half long, with embossed trimmings. Muslin cuffs. Hat of gray velvet with two long feathers, and trimmed in the inside with crimson satin ribbon.

## CONTRIBUTORS.

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JOHN G. SAXE.

R. S. STODDARD.

HERMAN S. SARONI.

H.

A STRANGER.

MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

\* \* \* A specimen number will be sent to any one wishing to see it, on application to the publisher, post-paid.

It is particularly requested, that persons wishing to communicate with the Editor on any subject connected with the Union Magazine, would do so through the Publisher, 140 Nassau-street.